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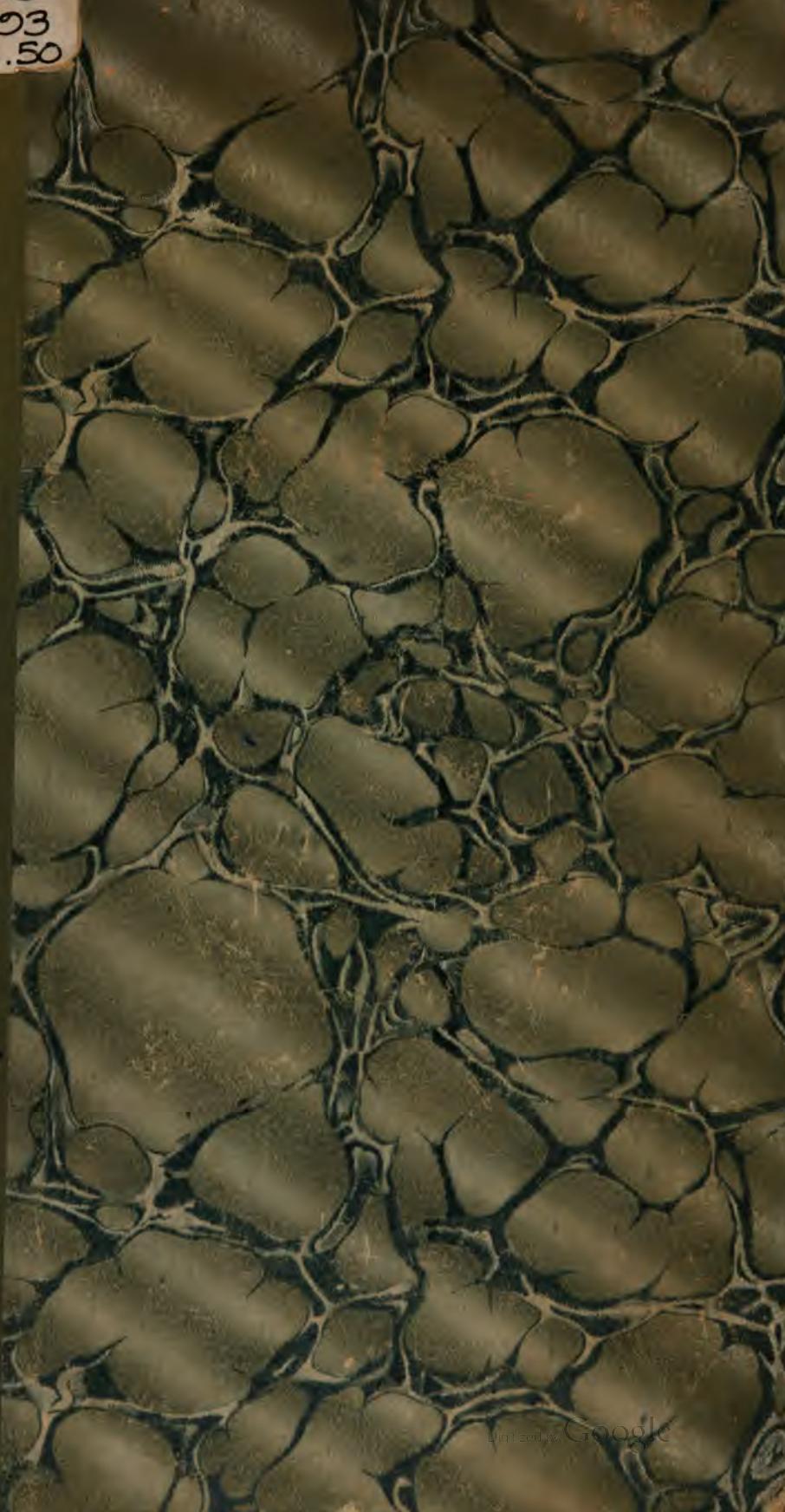
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LIFE AND GENIUS OF JENNY LIND.

In writing a memoir of this distinguished songstress, whose fame has extended over the whole civilized world, we are limited to fewer *facts* than the generality of biographers are, when giving details relative to persons who, like our fair subject, have achieved eminence as public performers. This is easily accounted for, by the difference that exists between Mademoiselle Lind and the majority of her professional brothers and sisters, for while *they* have seemingly availed themselves of every opportunity that presented itself, to obtrude, in a purely personal point of view before the world, *she*, with remarkable good taste and judgement, has maintained a dignified retirement; at the same time, she has borne the honors and the plaudits that have been showered upon her by the most brilliant of European audiences, with a meekness that even so far as the actress and the singer are concerned, must enhance her in the esteem of all right-judging persons.

This highly gifted *artiste* was born on the 6th of October, in the year 1821, in the city of Stockholm. Her parents, kept a school there, and were much respected by all who knew them for their probity of conduct; though neither their pursuits nor tastes were such as to encourage their daughter in the study of the science of which she was destined to become so great an ornament, and for which she displayed an extraordinary aptitude at a very early age. It has been recorded of her at this period, that every feeling and almost every thought of the infantine Jenny was interpreted by music, and that every new melody she heard was retained, note for note. Her work was accompanied by blithesome songs, and even in the hours of

illness she sought consolation from airs of a plaintive or melancholy nature. In fact, singing might have been called the passion of her existence. When nine years of age she was remarkably forward in mind—so much so, as to be considered an extraordinary child. But she was neither strong nor beautiful in features, though her face then, as well as it now is, was characterised by an expression of more than mere beauty, and which has been frequently noticed in those persons gifted by nature with a high degree of genius.

Fortunately for the future songstress, and fortunately too, for the world who were to be charmed by her powers, a Madam Lundberg heard the youthful Jenny Lind sing. So pure was the voice, and so correct the intonations, that the lady was alike delighted and astonished. She informed the girl's parents of the treasure they possessed in her, and warmly urged them to devote her to the stage. Jenny's mother, however, shared a general prejudice against a theatrical life, and therefore disengaged the project. But all opposition was ultimately withdrawn through the importunities of Madam Lundberg, who continued with unwearied zeal, to press her suit and the expressed willingness of the child herself, who had been questioned on the subject.

Jenny Lind's first introduction to music, as a future profession, was through a professor well known in Stockholm, named Croelius, who immediately after he had heard her sing was enthusiastic in his commendation. He took her to Count Pucke, the manager of the Theatre Royal in Stockholm, and requested him to hear her sing. The Count, directing

a cold look at the girl, who stood trembling before him, asked, in a disdainful tone, whether Croelius believed him mad, that he should consent to bring a "baby like that" upon the stage; but both coldness of look and harshness of voice were dispelled when he heard Jenny sing, and he was as anxious as others for her appearance. The result was that she soon afterwards appeared in a child's character at the Court Theatre, and astonished every person present by the vivacity and originality of her acting. Through Count Pucke's *Ecole* or Musical School, attached to the Court Theatre; Croelius continuing his tuition for a year, and then passing her to a younger, and as he supposed abler musician, one Herr Berg, under whom the young pupil progressed very rapidly, initiating herself in what may be called the *mechanism* of the science, upon which all musical excellence must be based.

Continuing to perform children's parts, *vaudevilles* were written for her in rapid succession, and she was already becoming an established favorite, when every hope that had been formed of her future fame and fortune was suddenly dispelled. This was through the almost entire loss of her voice.—Jenny had attained her twelfth year, and may be said to have been between two important divisions of her professional career—the one worked by the displays which, as the delineator of juvenile parts, she *had* made—the other, by those higher efforts in her art, which, it had been supposed, she would soon be called upon to essay. To the intense grief of herself and friends, that exquisite voice, whose tones had so often charmed, and were to awaken audiences to higher rapture still, was now mute, and all efforts towards its recovery seemed entirely futile.

But though, as we have said, her grief was great, she bore it with an outward appearance of resignation that astonished all those persons who witnessed it. No tear was seen in her eyes—no murmur was heard from her lips. It may have been that while those about her despaired, and while she herself was sunk in profound sadness, some casual ray of hope flitted across her—for certain it is that her musical studies were persisted in with a zeal that, even if exhibited by one whose vocal organ had not been impaired, would have elicited admiration. Poor Jenny was reduced to the minor parts, and her career, it was

thought, had ended like that of other infant prodigies. Agatha, in Weber's *Der Freischütz*, was the character which Jenny had often professed a warm desire to perform; but now, apparently, the possibility of her ever doing so was gone ever.

Four years passed away, when a fortunate circumstance recalled her to public notice.—The fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was announced for performance at a public concert in Stockholm, and a singer was wanted for the part of Alice. The representative of Alice has little to do in this act beyond a solo, and no person had been found who would undertake it. Herr Berg, who remembered his late pupil, thought there could be no danger in entrusting her with the part, and accordingly communicated to her his desire that she would undertake it. She consented, expecting all the time that she would be barely able to acquit herself in a proper manner; but an extraordinary event signalled the evening of performance. By what means we know not—perhaps through a mighty and impromptu effort, which is occasionally attended by a great result, the singer found her voice restored to her. The effect was electrical, and the astonished public, remembering its little favorite of other days, listened with such deep attentiveness, and applauded so enthusiastically, that the poor solo, which third and fourth-rate vocalists had indignantly refused a few hours since, became the most important feature of the evening's performances. From this moment her prospects grew brilliant once more, and great was her joy when the delighted Berg told her she must now study the part of Agatha. She had thus, on the day dream of her youth, promised a speedy realization; for she was farther told that *Der Freischütz* was the opera in which she was to make her *debut* at Stockholm.

It is related of Jenny Lind, in connection with her first appearance at the Stockholm Theatre, on the above occasion, that so strange was her behavior that her fellow professionals could not make her out. From what they knew of her former efforts, coupled with the restoration of her voice, they expected some effect would be made by her in Agatha, but yet they trembled for the result. At her rehearsals, Jenny seemed to have lost consciousness; was silent to those in the Theatre, and immovable. The night came, and with



ALICE IN ROBERT LE DIABLE,

It the collectiveness of singer. Many in the theatre that night were old play goers, and had witnessed the greatest musical performances of their time; but we have heard it recorded by one who had personal opportunities of judging, that the enthusiasm then displayed was the *acme* of everything he had ever seen. Jenny Lind was at once, and by general accord, the *prima donna* and favorite.—While not engaged in her performances or rehearsals, she devoted herself to her studies. The difficulties attendant on the full development of her restored voice were, as it will be thought, very great—perhaps equal in magnitude to any ever surmounted by a Hannibal or Napoleon, though of a more purifying and exalting tendency. During eighteen months, and while undergoing these necessary studies, she performed *Eurydice*, *Alice*, and *Vestal*, and other parts, requiring exertions from which the most practical actresses would have shrunk, and which were, of course, more formidable to so youthful a person, with a frame fragile and delicate.

Jenny Lind's impatience for the full and entire restoration of her voice, outstripped the time nature seemed to require. Her great desire was to reach Paris, and place herself under the tutelage of Garcia, who was considered the first master of the day, and she labored untiringly to obtain the sum necessary for a two year's residence in the French Capital. Her parents found it impossible for them to accompany her, without yielding up their means of subsistence. Nothing, however, could daunt the enthusiast in her art, and with a firmness of purpose that would have done honor even to a man, she, then but in her eighteenth year, set forth *alone* for Paris, followed by the good wishes of all who knew her.

Arrived at her destination, she presented herself immediately to Garcia. He received her with great kindness, and requested her to sing. She complied, though with an anxiety she could not suppress, but she had scarcely finished, when the master said—"My child, you have had a voice, and are on the point of losing it. I can give you no lessons now, but my advice is, that you remain three months without singing a note, and then return to me." It would be useless to say what were the feelings of the poor girl when she heard these words.

The three months named by Garcia were

spent by Jenny Lind in profound solitude. It has been reported by a lady who was acquainted with the singer at the time, that no one paid the slightest attention to, or expected any thing of her. Wretched in mind, Jenny, in the presence of visitors to the person in whose house she then resided, would retire to a corner, and from there watch with wistful looks, the gay faces of those near her, and listen with a painful earnestness to their lively converse; they never dreaming what there was in the future for that "quiet, odd-looking girl in the corner," as she was somewhat unfeelingly designated. The true solitude of the heart is never so keenly felt as in the midst of a large city. That poor Jenny well knew, as indicated by what she herself says regarding this portion of her life.

These are her words. "I was living on my tears and the agony of home sickness."

At the end of the specified time, Garcia found her voice improved, and commenced to give her lessons. Some idea may be formed of the energy with which she set about her task, when we say that nine months only were allowed her to receive the instructions of her new master, and that, at their termination, she had acquired all she had hitherto wanted. While a pupil of Garcia's, Mademoiselle Nisser, who has since arrived at some eminence in the musical world, shared instructions with Jenny. This lady's voice was of a much superior quality to Mademoiselle Lind's; and Garcia was considerably annoyed in consequence, as the former did not evince a tithe part of the talent constantly displayed by her fellow pupil. "Had Nisser but your talent, or had you but Nisser's voice, I should be satisfied," would be his constant remark, unconscious as it were, of the improvement which was taking place in the quality of her voice. This had gradually been bettering itself during the whole period of her instruction by Garcia, though it had not as yet acquired that marvellous power which it was, at a later day, to possess.

Relative to Jenny Lind's voice, in its present condition and power, there can be no doubt of its being one of the most extraordinary and captivating that has ever been heard upon any stage. Uniting strength and delicacy in the perfection of both, it has, indeed, never been approached in these qualities. In point of delicacy, the voice of Persiani, is the nearest to it, but it has so little

strength in it, that the most trifling affection of health will put it out of tone. So susceptible is it of any influence of this nature, that she has frequently been known to sing for six or seven consecutive nights at her Majesty's Theatre, half a note below or above the scale of the orchestra. Schröder Devrient, or Adelaide Kemble, or Giulia Grisi, are all possessed of strength of voice, but lacking this delicacy, have never been able to contrast it so forcibly as they would have been, had they been gifted like Mademoiselle Lind.

Strange as it may appear, Garcia, though a consummate musician and a man of genius, did not comprehend the entire resources of his Swedish pupil. As an instance of his invention, it may be stated that the master frequently copied her *priorituri*, and adopted them instead of his own.

Jenny Lind had been a year in Paris, when she was visited by a countryman, a musical composer, who had known her in Sweden, and who came to bring her back to Stockholm. By means of this gentleman she was procured an introduction which has had a very favorable influence on her professional destiny—she made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer. This great composer testified his admiration of her genius; and wishing to see her singing in a large space, obtained her permission to make a trial before a select circle of listeners at the Academie of Paris. The pieces she there sung were three long scenes respectively from the operas of *Robert le Diable*, *Norma*, and *Der Freischütz*. So startling was the effect, that Meyerbeer made immediate proposals for an engagement at Berlin. But Jenny became heart sick, and longed to return to Sweden, and soon after left Paris for Stockholm, where she was received with enthusiasm. Entreaties poured upon her, that she would remain at Stockholm, and as her love for her native city was great, there seemed to be a possibility that she would do as wished; but on the other hand, there was her promise to Meyerbeer, and the prospect it opened, which it seemed nothing less than madness to neglect. At length Mademoiselle Lind concluded the engagement. She immediately went to Dresden, where Meyerbeer was employed in the composition of his last opera, and studied her part with him, at the same time, acquiring an acquaintance with the German language, to which she had hitherto

been a stranger. After a month's absence, she was recalled to Sweden, to perform at the coronation ceremonial of King Oscar.—While at Stockholm a proof of her great popularity among her country people was given, in the conduct of a number of wealthy bankers, who tempted the young singer with a proposal, that if she would abandon her design to quit Stockholm, they would each annually deposit a sum for ten years, and so secure her a fortune. The fair object of this offer was deeply touched by this proof of her country people's estimation, and might have acquiesced in their wishes, had not her word been already given. She had made an engagement, and she felt herself solemnly bound to fulfill it. The evening on which she bade farewell to Stockholm, was one more of universal sorrow for the loss of a daughter, than mere regret for the temporary absence of a public vocalist. Thousands gathered in the streets, and the younger portion of her admirers hurried after her carriage, to catch a last look of her.

In October, 1844, she made her first appearance in Berlin. The effect produced by her performance will be long remembered. From that time her name became "familiar as household words" throughout Europe and those other portions of the globe where civilization and the Arts were cherished. During her four months residence in the Prussian capital, Jenny Lind performed the characters of *Norma*, the *Sonnambula*, the *Fille du Régiment*, besides appearing in the new opera, the *Camp of Silesia*. Many and great as her triumphs had been, her last night was an unparalleled one. No sooner had the curtain fallen, than one general rush was made to the stage to bring her forward. "Lind! Lind!" was echoed from all quarters, and the house itself seemed to shake under the power of acclamations.

Previous to her return to Stockholm, Jenny Lind visited most of the towns of Northern Germany, and everywhere earned fresh fame. In Hamburg a silver wreath was presented to her; and in the course of the following summer, when she was present at the festivals on the Rhine, on occasion of the Queen of England's visit, the fair songstress was loaded with favors, and honored with the greatest enthusiasm. She was heard by the Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag), and by her pronounced the first female impersonator

of her age. At Vienna—that imperial city, of which it has been said that it has a “continued audience of judges and critics,” so great was the effect of Jenny’s appearance, that she was courted by the highest in the land. The Empress and Arch-Duchess Maria treated her with the most marked consideration; and it is very amusing and novel to be told of the enthusiasm she excited amongst all ranks of society in the capital. At Frankfort her performances created the most lively interest, in proof of which we quote the following correspondence from the London *Athenaeum*:

FRANKFORT, OCTOBER, 1846.

MDLLE JENNY LIND:

“I wish somebody would kill Lady Kilgobbne!” was the cry of Lady Morgan’s heroines, when driven past all patience by hearing perpetual panegyrics of an absent leader of country fashion!—The race of travellers “who have music in their souls” this year in Germany must be ready to echo the same desire with regard to Mdlle Jenny Lind. Since I have known the world of melody I have encountered nothing of the curiosity and expectation excited by her. Dine where you would during the Frankfort Fair, you heard of Free Trade—and Jenny Lind; of Railroads—and, next of Jenny Lind; of the Spanish Match (what a pleasant old-comedy title for a topic)—and, still, Jenny Lind; of the Pope and the people (and yet a more relishing novelty for all save the Absolutists!)—and, always Jenny Lind! When she was coming—what she would sing—how much be paid—who get the places—and the like. So that, what with exigent English *dilettanti* flying at puzzled German landlords with all sorts of Babylonish protestations against disappointment and uncertainty and native High Ponderosities ready to trot in the train of the Enchantress wheresoever she might please to lead—with here and there a dark-browed *prima donna* bowing, Medea-like, in the back ground, and looking daggers whenever the name “*Questa Linda!*” was uttered,—nothing, I repeat, can be compared to the universal excitement,—save passages (“green spots in the memory of many a dowager Berliner) when enthusiasts ran to drink champagne out of Sontag’s shoe!”

Allow what you please for the paragraph-mongers’ exaggeration in the above, enough still remains to make Mdlle. Lind a figure whose prominence is unique in my musical experiences. There is reason for the frenzy. Since the retreat of Sontag, Germans have not possessed a songstress fit to challenge the Malibrans, Grisis, and Cinti-Damoreaus, who have ruled the realm of opera-houses—and

pipe-shops; sat in kings’ chambers, and warbled themselves into the wealth of princesses. So soon as Mdlle. Ungher became famous, she transferred herself to the Italian stage. The voice of Mdlle. Schechner (with some hundred others) early perished, from misuse. Strong as Madame Schroder-Devrient was in the expression—may one not say the extravagance?—of the tender passions, it is many years since she was endurable as a vocalist. Mdlle. Lutzer was spirited away from the stage at the moment when her reputation was becoming universal. When a singer of so much pretence, yet so incomplete, as Mdlle. Lowe, on the strength of an irreproachable toilette and audacious *roulades*, could command her public as that lady did when I was in Berlin, in 1839—not merely the poverty of the land is shown, but the excess, also, of the musical desire. Comparison, then, can hardly be possible with those whose satisfaction in a want supplied would feel any attempt to measure or reason, or hint the slightest exception, an outrage. Yet it is by comparison that one educated (so to say) under a dispensation has the best chance of giving anything like a distinct impression of this well-beloved and eagerly-sought idol of Germany.

If asked, then, how and what is Jenny Lind as compared with the long line of brilliant *cantatrices* familiar to the English? I should say that what had first seized me in her performance was neither the voice nor the method, but a certain genial charm, which gives its crowning grace to all representative Art. It might be remarked of the organ, the tones of the lower register are not of first-rate quality; it might be asserted of the execution, that more wondrous feats have been exhibited by other ladies, but, in a German translation of “*La Fille du Régiment*,” (the first part in which I saw *prima donna*,) a mixture of cordiality, feeling, and refinement, struck me—belonging, it is true, to the person, not the musician—and which has nothing to do with physical gifts, or acquired technicalities, but everything in their employment.—Compared with the exhibitions of her sister songstress, now on the German stage, Mdlle. Lind’s personation was like a piece of painting on porcelain beside tawdry daubings on crockery. The character of *Marie* is one in which ninety out of a hundred women (and

the entire public to boot) would have fancied a spice of vulgarity a necessary ingredient.

I cannot tell *how* this was avoided—who indeed can tell the processes of genius?—but avoided it was; and without any apparent effort or artifice. So, too, from the showy, and weak, and sickly music of Donizetti, M'lle. Lind continued to work up something brilliant, expressive and tasteful—a *part*, in short—studied as such, and which told as one. In some matters (some experience presumed) first impressions may be trusted. A refined actor, for instance, may be careless,—but coarseness is impossible to him. A Pasta or Duprez may work with a destroyed voice,—but can never sing badly.

A true musician could not make a false cadence. So I felt that M'lle. Lind might put forth more or less power,—be nearer to, or more distant from fine acting, on this or the other evening—but that she can never indulge in such *unloveable* exaggerations as made poor Malibran at times repulsive, nor exhibit that utter indifference which we have seen in other renowned vocalists. The earnestness of the heart (and this in some measure distinct from earnestness of will) can hardly be misunderstood; and will never, I believe, wear out, whatever be the limits placed to the expressive powers in those to whom it has been the spring of exertion and the staff for climbing.

"The steep where Fame's proud temples shine afar."

I had been told before I saw M'lle. Lind, that "*La Sonnambula*" was her best part, but must, nevertheless, think, that she is heard in it—when heard at Frankfort by a Londoner—to heavy disadvantage. Not only is he importuned by recollections of Milibran and Persiani—not only, in place of being *en scène* with Rubin or a Mario, is she obliged to sing with a most miserable tenor,—but Herr Guhr, the conductor (I suppose, under the idea of giving Bellini's music solidity,) takes the *tempo** at a lugubrious slowness which makes the work yet more lachrymose than it originally is.

Badly framed, however, as it is, and allowing for every possible reminiscence, Mdle.

Lind's *Amina*, is a personation of great skill and beauty, nor have I heard anything more exquisite than her *largo* in the final scene. Here the finish of her *pianissimo* is beyond all praise; because not introduced with too sudden alterations from *forte*, as is too often the case on such occasions. As she stood there, however, singing the melancholy slow movement, and letting the cherished flowers unconsciously drop from her fingers I did not think of *Amina* so much as *Ophelia*. Should that part ever be treated musically, (and why should not Mendelssohn, who has proved his fine Shakspearean taste already, undertake it?) she is its born representative. Nothing is wanting—country, temperament, cast of features, tone of voice, nor that refinement which perhaps gives to her peasant girl as much too much of the lady as Malibran's had of the *Zingarella*. I should like to see what Mdle. Lind would make of Rosini's *Desdemona*, with her haunting "Willow Song;" or of Weber's *Euryanthe*, which, as you know, is but *Imogen* spoiled, spoiled to please the prudery of the Viennese.—Heaven save the mark!—that would not tolerate the "mole cinque spotted." But, alas! the ungracious manner in which the music of this superb opera is written for the voice will always, I fear, prevent vocalists from approaching it cordially, and it is mentioned only to intimate my impression of the direction which a charming artist's talent would take with the greatest ease and success.

The third opera in which I saw M'lle Lind was "*La Vestale*," by Spontini. This, with all the power and skill displayed in it is not a *singer's opera*. The voices are perpetually kept upon the stretch, and the passages of flowing melody are few and far between. Such a work, then, eminently calls for completeness in the performance; for a powerful and mellown chorus—and for no small amount of scenic splendor. In these respects, the Frankfort version of it offered hindrances rather than helps to M'lle Lind. The best of her mates was but respectable;—the chorus (a rarity in Germany!) was bad. It mattered little. She treated the part of *Julia* like a true artist—Being a classical one, she would keep it classical: and those whose idea of executive brilliancy in a singer means a shake out of place, and a *roulade* where a *rallentando* occurs—and had heard of M'lle Lind's accom-

* While pointing out this mistake (only one of the million of like instances sure to result from the practice of performing translated operas)—I must add a note in testimony of the zeal, as well as skill, with which Herr Guhr's functions are discharged within the circle of German music. The repertory of the Frankfort Opera is singularly rich in national productions.—Here it was, two years ago, that I heard Cherubini's "*Media*"—a performance precious from its rarity, and before M'lle. Lind came, they were announcing the "*Fio*" of Mozart, and performing his "*Idomeneo*." The last was described to me as an opera superb in its effects. If so, it is sure, one day or other, to be restored to the stage; but why should we wait so long for it?

plishments—must have wondered at the severe plainness, in point of ornament, in which she gave the music. But her command of voice was put forth more strongly in her *aria* by the grave than, perhaps, in the most audacious *rocket-flight* she could have ventured. The subdued expression of this was a marvel. Nor was I prepared for her admirable action throughout the part. Unbecoming as was the *costume*, her performance of the second act must be a *haunting* thing to all who can shake themselves loose from the conventions of the stage, and forget their notions of what this or the other traditionists would have thought proper. So many good actors have told me that M'dlle Lind could not act—that I might have divined she could do something better. Her agony in the temple during the whole stolen meeting with her lover—her terror at the extinction of the vestal flame—her heroic self-devotion to insure his escape—and her shame and horror when denounced as a false priestess, and doomed to death—were in the highest style, not of Art, but of Nature. That there must have been study and familiarity with the stage, there was no doubting; but, after all, the first impression was returned to, though from a point totally different—that it is a simple, and genial, and earnest personality, which has made M'dlle Lind what she is.—*Norma*, *Medea*, *Semiramide*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, may be beyond her range; but whatever she can feel she will execute so as to rivet her audience—though, it may be, not to satisfy the green room!

Thus much by way of comparison:—the result being, to my conviction, that M'dlle. Lind's place is among artists of the very highest class. I am told that as a concert singer she is admirable (some of her admirers preferring her in that occupation.) I know her execution of chamber music to be delicious—full of feeling, and highly finished without finicality. To describe a little more precisely:—her natural voice is probably about two octaves in compass (from C to C) with a note or two above and below aided by science. The upper octave is clear, delicious in tone, and available to the utmost with a certainty which must make her a treasure to the composers who throw all their passages of expression into the extremities of the register. I can completely understand how Meyerbeer should have been so eager, (as is said) to bind her fast to his operas. Grisi, in

her prime, was not so fearlessly unsparing of her upper notes. Those of Miss Kemble, brilliant as they were, had less flexibility. The wear of the voice thus developed and employed seems to me problematical—it is now, however, in its perfection. M'dlle Lind's ornaments are judiciously placed and well fancied—and not too instrumental or *recherches*.

She seems fond of her shake; and can use it in all manner of positions and with every degree of power. I have heard, however, this grace in greater perfection. But she cannot be too warmly thanked for setting the example of the expressive style as heightened, not spoiled, by the utmost executive facility—one particularly welcome in these days, when from the nonsense talked, written, and sanctioned by some who should know better, it would seem as if those who could do the least with their voices, were, therefore, the best singers, and as if every scale and trill and *staccato* acquired, were so much taken away from declamatory propriety and passion.

I am far from pleasing myself in this attempt at a character—perhaps, because to the entire impression produced by M'dlle Lind certain peculiarities and delicacies contribute, which are not described in the cut-and-dry vocabulary of musical criticism. Though far from the *champagne* point of enthusiastic fervour, it is long since I have been so stirred, or had my fancy so interested. Will any one understand me if I say, that there seems to me in M'dlle Lind's art a touch of the same northern depth of feeling combined with sweetness and elegance, as I find (with all its dignity) in Thorwaldsen's sculpture, and (with all their nomeliness) in Frederika Bremer's novels, and (with all its voluptuousness) in Anderson's 'Improvisatore,' and (with all their unpretending simplicity) in the Songs of Lindblad?

From November 1845, till the end of March 1846, she was at Berlin. On the 22d of April, in the Theatre An der Wien, she made her *debut* before perhaps the most severely judging musical audience in Europe, and her appearance was the signal for conquest.

Meyerbeer's long expected opera was produced, for the first time in the Austrian capital, on Thursday, the 18th of February,

1847. It had received a new name, being rechristened *Veilka*. The Theatre (An Der Wien) was crowded to excess, and the entrances and lobbies were filled with people unable to procure seats. Jenny Lind acted and sung admirably; marching song and flute song were exquisitely performed, and the curtain fell amidst a perfect storm of applause.

On the last night of her appearance, the spectators, who had made almost interminable calls for her to come before the curtain, and besides, indulged in every form of applause, accompanied her home; but no sooner had she arrived there, than her presence at the window was demanded, nor could the crowd be prevailed upon to separate until she had shown herself thirty consecutive times, those in the street continually repeating—"Jenny Lind, say you will come again."

The King of Prussia, who had been a frequent and charmed listener to Mademoiselle Lind, and in whose capital the title of "Swedish Nightingale" had been first given her, expressed himself anxious for her success on her visit to Great Britain, and wrote a letter to the Court of St. James's, in which he desired her Majesty, Queen Victoria, to show "every possible kindness to one of the most modest, exemplary, and talented singers which any time had yet produced." King Oscar of Sweden, too, took a warm interest in her behalf; and it was from that estimable monarch that the singer heard the earliest prophecy of that after success which was to make her the most celebrated *prima donna* of modern Europe.

"Go on as you have commenced, Mademoiselle Lind," said the King, "and I will tell you that your reputation will not be limited to Germany or Sweden; you will enrapture the whole of the musical continent."

Jenny's return was a bow, for words could not express her feelings at the moment. They must have been pleasurable ones, and, no doubt, she has often reverted to them since the royal prophecy has been fulfilled, and she has attained the highest point of fame and fortune. But she was now again to quit Stockholm, and return to Berlin. She had performed during her sojourn, in her native city, in four operas. These were the "Son-nambula" and "Norma" of Bellini, Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable," and Weber's

"Der Freyschütz." In all of them her success had been as triumphant as in the three first it had been in Berlin. In the last she was to appear in the succeeding season, and by it to heighten, if that were possible, the enthusiasm which her former success had there excited. She accordingly returned to Berlin in the spring of the succeeding year. The popular enthusiasm for her was no whit abated. It had rather increased during her absence. The box office of the theatre was besieged during the first few days after her return with inquiries as to her first appearance; and when the *habitués* of the theatre learned that it would not take place for a fortnight, complaints were loudly made of the dilatoriness and carelessness of the management, who ought, as they said, to have been better prepared for her return. Nevertheless, when she at length appeared in the *Der Freyschütz*, all had changed. So enraptured were they with her exquisite singing in this opera, that compliment after compliment was heaped upon the management, for having compelled them to wait while they were preparing it. Such, indeed, was the fickleness exhibited by the public, that it was proposed to present Meyerbeer, who was the director appointed by the court to the theatre, with a testimonial, for his care and assiduity in preparing the novelty—an opera, indeed, which could, in any town in Germany, have been produced upon the stage in less than three days. Such are the benefits produced by the opposition of a slight bar to the excesses of popular enthusiasm.

We need not say that the reputation which had been acquired by Jenny had now spread to Paris and to London. Garcia had, therefore, the opportunity of rejoicing in the success of his pupil. Meanwhile, it was in London that the success of Jenny was destined to take an abiding and deep root.

Mr. Bunn, who was, at this time, the manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, had heard wonderful reports of the talents of the fair Swede, and he thought that if he could allure her to his theatre, he would be enabled to produce the same, or a somewhat similar degree of attraction as that from which he had reaped such a golden harvest in the days of Malibran. He accordingly sent to make an offer to Jenny Lind. It was an exceedingly liberal one at this period. Jenny Lind felt,

however, some difficulty in accepting it. Her acquaintance with the English language was, at the time, but a slight one, and she was fully aware was anything rather than sufficient to enable her to appear upon the stage, with any chance of such a success as had attended the advent on the English scene of Malibran. She, at length, however, determined upon accepting Mr. Bunn's proposal. If necessary, she was to appear in three characters.

The first and principal of these was, of course, to be "*Robert le Diable*." Mr. Bunn, however, had previously only given in his theatre the English version of this opera. This is destitute of any recitative. He was now to give it completely, and as it had originally been written by the composer; and Jenny Lind was to have three months given her to acquire the English language with sufficient perfection to enable her to sing it. To this task she accordingly applied herself.

The terms agreed upon were £50 per night, for twenty performances, and the contract between the parties was signed and properly attested at Berlin, in the presence of the Earl of Westmoreland, Ambassador from England, himself a musician and composer of no mean order. But soon after, offers of engagement at other theatres poured in upon Mademoiselle Lind, the terms being higher than those of Mr. Bunn, and in several cases, so great an anxiety was felt to secure the new *prima donna*, that she was requested to name her own price.

There can be no doubt of Mademoiselle Lind's original intention to execute her part of the contract with Mr. Bunn. The assiduity with which she applied herself to the study of the English language, which her forthcoming appearance at Drury Lane Theatre rendered necessary, was, in itself, a sufficient corroboration of that fact; nor would she have ever sought to conceal her engagement with Mr. Bunn, but for his *implied* unwillingness to conclude it. If we look dispassionately at the whole affair, there was much to daunt the singer, after she became more acquainted with the London manager, than she was when she signed the agreement. Mr. Bunn's tardiness in preparing for the opera in which Mademoiselle Lind was to make her first appearance, at his theatre, has already been referred to; but there were

other considerations, quite as weighty, that would have made a commonly prudent person apprehensive or fearful. There were the chances that the opera itself would not be so got up as to afford Jenny Lind, those aids which the best singer or actor requires, and which are as necessary to the effect of his or her performance, as are the proper lights, shades, and minor details, to that of a picture. Again Mademoiselle Lind, when she undertook to learn the English language in three months, to enable her to appear in the English version of *Robert le Diable*, was not aware of the great difficulties of the task, although, for the purpose of surmounting them, she persevered night and day. And as another reason why she should feel a willingness to compromise with Mr. Bunn, was the character of that gentleman, in a financial point of view. In speaking of the lessee of a great National Theatre, it is but natural to credit him as a man of means, but Mr. Bunn, throughout his whole career, has never had that advantage; and failing in his pecuniary obligations to Mademoiselle Lind, it would have been in vain for that lady to seek redress.

When all the circumstances are taken into consideration, no person, it is thought, can do otherwise than commend Mademoiselle Lind's conduct on the occasion, in offering the handsome sum of £2,000, to Mr. Bunn, on the proviso of his holding her free from the agreement lately made between them.—And we must designate the singer's conduct as more commendable when we recollect that the offer was made *after* she had received the opinion of the Attorney General and other eminent counsel, to the effect, that the claim of Mr. Bunn was nugatory, and after an offer had been made, on his part, to give up the Drury Lane engagement without the exactation of any compensation, provided she would perform at Covent Garden, which however, she expressed her resolute determination not to agree to. The pecuniary loss she then offered to submit to was double the inducement she was to receive for her engagement with Mr. Bunn, if that gentleman had been in a position to avail himself of her services; and she had farther refused to allow Mr. Lumley to bear any snare in the sacrifice, which was made entirely by her own wish, and to remove the possibility of any impression, on the part of the public, that she

had been actuated by personal or private motives.

The following letter from the singer, on this subject, will be found worthy of perusal:—

VIENNA, February 28, 1847.

SIR,—I had the honour of receiving your letter of the 19th of December, 1846, in which you pretend to have to claim from me damages for my non-arrival in 1845. You are perfectly conversant with my reasons for not coming, and which rendered impossible my appearance at your theatre. Besides, my arrival would have been fruitless, since you had not at the time the opera of the "Feldlager" translated into English, nor the music which I was engaged to sing. It is more than probable that this affair brought before a court of justice would yield you nothing; but I am determined you shall not tax me again with bad faith, however little I merit such a reproach; and I offer to pay you the sum of £2000 (two thousand pounds) on your returning the paper signed by me to the person I shall appoint for that purpose.

As I shall, in any event, come to London, I should prefer coming with the consciousness of having done all that depended upon me, and I leave it to your choice and judgment whether you will prefer this arrangement to a lawsuit, from which you would probably derive nothing.

I have given to Mr. Edward Jennings, of No. 9, Chancery-lane, all necessary and further instructions on the present subject.

I remain, &c. JENNY LIND.

To Alfred Bunn, Esq., of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, London.

This proposal from Mademoiselle Lind was accompanied by the following letter from her solicitor:—

"9, Chancery-lane, March 13.

SIR,—I am instructed by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind to hand you the enclosed copy of a letter from that lady at Vienna, the original of which remains in my hands for your inspection.

Mademoiselle Lind has voluntarily made this proposal, without assistance or advice from English lawyers, to purchase peace and escape litigation in a foreign land; and I am authorized immediately to carry it out.

The proposal is final; and, if you accept it, I will attend any appointment you make, and close the affair; and, on the other hand, if you object to it, or do not accept it on or before Tuesday next, I am instructed to appear and defend any suit you may think proper to institute against Mademoiselle Lind, and request you to direct your solicitor to send any process against that lady to me for appearance and defence.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant.

EDWARD JENNINGS.

A. Bunn, Esq., Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

Mr. Bunn, however, would not accede to

the offer, therefore nothing was left for Mademoiselle Lind, than to proceed to London, for the purpose of fulfilling an engagement with Mr. Lumley, of her Majesty's Theatre and to abide the issue of any suit the Drury Lane manager might prefer against her in a Court of Law.

The matter was finally settled in March, 1847, by Mr. Bunn accepting her original offer of £2,000. This controversy gave birth to the following witty poetry:

JENNY LINDEN.

On Lind, when Drury's sun was low,
And bootless was the wild beast show,
The lessee counted for a flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

But Jenny Lind, whose waken'd sight
Saw Drury in a proper light,
Refused for any sum per night,
To sing at the Menagerie.

With rage and pain, in vain displayed,
Each super drew his wooden blade,
In fury, half and half afraid
For his prospective salary.

Bunn in a flaming frenzy flew,
And speedily the goose quill drew,
With which he is accustomed to
Pen such a deal of poetry.

He wrote the maiden, to remind
Her of a contract she had signed,
To Drury Lane's condition blind,
And threatened law accordingly,

Fair as in face in nature, she
Implored the man to set her free,
Assuring him that he should be
Remunerated handsomely.

Two thousand pounds she offer'd so
That he would only let her go:
Bunn, who would have her bond, said No;
With dogged pertinacity.

And now his action let him bring,
And try how much the law will wring
From her, to do the handsome thing,
Who had proposed so readily.

The Swedish Nightingale to cage
He failed; she sought a fitting stage,
And left him to digest his rage,
And seek his legal remedy.

Then shook the house with plaudits riv
When Jenny's opening note was given,
The sweetest Songstress under heaven
Forth bursting into melody.

But fainter the applause shall grow,
At waning Drury's wild beast's show



MARIE, IN LA FILLE DU REGIMENT

And feebler still shall be the flow
Of rhino to the treasury.

The Opera triumph ! Lumley brave,
Thy bacon thou shalt more than save ;
Wave, London, all thy kerchiefs wave,
And cheer with all thy chivalry.

'Tis night ; and still yon Star doth run ;
But all in vain for treasurer Dunn,
And Mr. Hughes, and Poet Bunn,
And quadrupeds and company

For Sweden's Nightingale so sweet,
Their fellowship had been unmeet,
The sawdust underneath whose feet
Hath been the drama's sepulchre.

On her departure from Stockholm she was attended by the most extraordinary demonstration. It was on the 13th, the weather was very beautiful. From 15,000 to 20,000 persons were on the quays, military bands were placed at intervals, and she embarked in the midst of loud cheers and lively music. The rigging of all the vessels in the harbour were manned ; and the "Hurrahs !" and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs were continued as long as the vessel that bore her away continued in sight. Her last performance in her native city was in aid of the funds of a charitable institution she had founded ; and the tickets of admission on this occasion were put up to auction and fetched immense prices.

She arrived at Blackwall at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 17th of October, 1847, by the Countess of Lonsdale steamer from Hamburg. She appeared in excellent health and spirits. On her arrival in London, Jenny Lind proceeded through the streets on the south side of the river Thames, to her temporary residence with Mrs. Grote, wife of the celebrated capitalist and member of Parliament. At a subsequent period, she domesticated herself in a cottage at Brompton, without knowing that her next door neighbor was Mrs. S. C. Hall, the well known authoress. The latter lady as soon as she was made acquainted with the name of the stranger, sent her card, as a mark of attention, and received a visit from Jenny, between whom and Mrs. Hall a very friendly intercourse sprung up. But this was almost the only exception to the privacy maintained by Mademoiselle Lind during her residence in London in 1847.

The following article, copied from the *New Monthly Magazine*, describing the singer's arrival in London, will be read with interest :

"On Saturday the 17th ult., a strange sen-

sation came over the inhabitants of London. Something had happened—what was it?—Was it in the air, or under the earth? Which class of the Rosicrucian spirits was at work? The salamanders—the sylphs—the naiads—the gnomes? Nobody knew. There was a certain epidemic sensation perfectly unaccountable.

"Most people know that a divining rod is a sort of stick which is mysteriously affected by the presence of certain subterranean things in its immediate vicinity, perhaps by springs, perhaps by mineral formations. Fewer are the people who know that there are certain human individualities who may be called living divining rods, and who, when approaching the object for which they have a mysterious sympathy, are attacked by some strange pain for which they are not able to account. In this condition exactly were the whole of the Londoners on the day, and at the hour in question. The banker in his counting-house fancied for the instant that the chink of the sovereigns formed itself into a light melody ; the merchant saw the words of the bills that came due arrange themselves into a musical staff, decorated with various notes from the stately semibreve to the fluttering *appoggiatura*—the chimes of the Exchange clock were heard to give a fuller and more musical sound, and there was something orchestral in the rattle of the cabs and omnibuses.

"Gradually the sensation became more definite, and there was a kind of notion that it proceeded from the direction of Blackwall. Was the word 'Blackwall,' sung by some ethereal spirit, which floated down Fenchurch-street and Cornhill, and then buzzed about the colonnades of the Exchange, rejoicing in the encaustic decoration? We know not—we know that the persons who had hitherto listened to melodious sovereigns, gazed on commercial scores, and been entranced by sonorous chimes, and harmonious cabs and omnibuses, were now conscious, without knowing why, that something particular was going on at Blackwall. One *gourmand* was of opinion that a marvel for the time of year had come to pass, in the shape of an arrival of an unusual quantity of white bait.

"Our readers who are aware that Jenny Lind arrived at Blackwall on the 17th, at 2 P. M., will be able perfectly to account for all these strange phenomena.

"At about half-past seven o'clock, on the evening of the same day, a still more powerful sensation was felt among the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre. If it was a spirit that whispered about 'Blackwall' at the east-end, the same spirit now repairing to the brilliant west, spoke distinctly 'Jenny Lind is in the house.' How could the audience, under these circumstances, attend to 'I due Foscari,' although Coletti played the part of the old doge?

"By the way Coletti's old Foscari is one of the finest personations in the whole range of the lyrical drama. His voice is magnificent

his 'getting up' a veritable removal of a grim picture from the walls of the ducal palace, and the grief and indignation which he expresses, on being deprived of his power, after so many years spent in the service of an ungrateful republic, are marvellously true and impressive. A very pretty opera, 'I due Foscari,' though not remarkable for its originality.

"But, as we have said, what was the unfortunate old Foscari, and what was the unfortunate young Foscari, when it was known as a positive fact, that Jenny Lind was in the house? To that small, fair-haired, innocent-looking, unconscious lady on the first tier, were countless lorguettes directed. The sole question was, 'Where is Jenny Lind?' The sole answer was, 'There is Jenny Lind!'

"The sensations of the audience when they had actually seen Jenny Lind were—

"But stop. The prudent painter of the sacrifice of Iphigenia feeling himself inadequate to express the grief of the father, covered the face with drapery. Our article terminates here. We would not venture to describe the sensations of the persons who had seen Jenny Lind."

Another English publication, *The Illustrated London News*, of the same date as the above, thus speaks of Mademoiselle Lind:—

"MDLE. JENNY LIND.—This celebrated *artiste*, in spite of all predictions to the contrary, has now arrived in this country. Perhaps no artist has ever created such interest before her *debut* as Madlle. Jenny Lind; the very uncertainty of her arrival giving additional importance to every particular concerning her. Her first appearance is anxiously awaited by all lovers of art, and even by all those who, careless of art for its own sake, are nevertheless swayed by the whim and fashion of the moment. Her *debut* in England, so important an event in the life of an artist whose fame is now established beyond the reach of vicissitude, will, singularly enough, take place in the part of *Alice*, in 'Robert le Diable,' the same in a portion of which she performed on the outset of her theatrical career, after the years of discouragement which followed her prosperous childhood. If this part, though containing delightful music, is not very prominent as regards the singing, it makes up for it as regards the acting. The character of *Alice* is touching and beautiful, and calls forth those dramatic resources which Mdle. Lind possesses in the most extraordinary degree. If her acting be art it is truly the perfection of art, which, we have often heard, consists in concealing it. What is the most extraordinary feature of her genius is its versatility. Those who are acquainted with the story of her life, and have watched, in her speaking countenance, the depth of thought and intellect, and the profound sensibility, which illuminate it, could hardly believe that her comic power is equal to her tragic genius. Lablache, who went to see her on her arrival,

was amazed at her power as a mimic. The opinion of this great artist, of the voice of the Swedish *prima donna*, may be instructing to our readers. He says that each note is like a pearl, and, on another occasion, he exclaimed that hers was the 'singing of heaven.' She pronounced Italian so well, that we hear she has even corrected the prompter himself. In connection with the very elegant compliment of Lablache, as stated above, there is current an anecdote that tends to exhibit Jenny Lind in a charming light. One morning, during the rehearsal at her Majesty's Theatre, the songstress, recollecting what Lablache had said respecting her voice, requested him to lend her his hat. He readily complied, though at a loss to guess the reason why the lady wanted it. Taking it from the Signor, with a graceful courtesy, Mademoiselle Lind went to another part of the stage, and putting her mouth to the broad brimmed *chapeau*, sung a favorite air, to the astonishment of all near her. When she had concluded she went off to Lablache, and requesting him to go down on his knees, as she had a valuable present for him, she returned the hat, with the remark, that she had made him excessively rich, according to his own showing, insomuch as she had filled the familiar covering of his head with 'pearls.' There was a charming simplicity in her manner at this time, and her action had been so altogether unexpected, that her fellow professionals were delighted with her, while as for Lablache, he seemed as full of extacy as he could have been had he been presented with the veritable things he had named.

In engaging Mademoiselle Lind for the Opera House in London, Mr. Lumley hazarded all his hopes for the season at least. It had opened very indifferently, the desertions from his operatic *corps* having been many and serious during the bygone year; and to add to his anxieties, the new Italian Opera House at Covent Garden was nearly finished.

The great "stars" of Mr. Lumley's establishment, Grisi, Tamburini, Mario, and Persiani, were soon to appear at Covent Garden, while Costa, whose orchestra at the old Italian Opera House had been considered the best in Europe, had also transferred his services to the new establishment, and took the best *artistes* of his troupe with him. But Lumley showed himself a man of great and exemplary nerve, and did not suffer himself to be alarmed by the odds against him. He knew how fatal it is for the interests of a theatre to present a "beggarly account of empty boxes." He accordingly, actually gave them away, and appeared perfectly tranquil.

A man less energetic than Lumley, would have been depressed. It is true, that a new

singer had been announced, and was to appear; but she had also been announced some months since, by another manager, whom she had failed, at the very moment he was counting, in imagination, his profits upon her. "May she not fail me?" was a query that the lessee of her Majesty's Theatre might, very reasonably under the circumstance have put to himself. And if she did appear at the appointed time, was she certain of success?

Lumley was certainly a good judge, but when it is remembered how much the fame and future of even the most highly gifted public professor depend upon the public caprice, who can say that the best judge is right in his augury.

In the mean time, her Majesty's Theatre opened, and Mademoiselle Lind arrived in London. It was clear that she would now appear. The musical world was all astir, and began to talk on the forthcoming "event." The *cantatrice* was a Swede. Could she speak Italian? What was her personal appearance? Had she the black eyes and haughty face of Grisi? Or was she pale, fair and *petite*, like Persiani? At her rehearsals a few connoisseurs were admitted, and they were loud in their eulogiums. The musical critic of the *London Times* (a journal that very properly retains in its reviewing departments men highly qualified for their labors) said, that beyond comparison, Jenny Lind was the first *soprano* of the day. An opinion like this, promulgated by the leading paper of Europe, had universal currency.—At length the eventful night came. Lumley had expected a full house on the occasion, but the demand for boxes was more than he had anticipated, as he discovered when sending into the office for the places usually appropriated to the representatives of the leading London papers, he was told that all were gone. In this dilemma, he gave up his box to the *Times*' critic, and made the "amende honorable" to the others, by furnishing them with stalls, a few of which were still available.

The excitement had spread from the two classes most likely to be affected, and by five o'clock in the afternoon, crowds of well-dressed persons were seen about the pit and gallery doors. The opera corridors were completely choked, and when the doors were opened, two hours and a half later, the rush

was terrific. Coats were torn, head dresses rendered shapeless. Several ladies were carried out fainting, and not more than half of those who sought admittance gained it.

The reader, thus taken to the interior of the Opera House, will not be displeased at fancying himself inside its walls, which he may well do in reading the annexed graphic criticism from the *Illustrated London News* of May 5th, 1847.

'HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

'FIRST APPEARANCE OF Mlle. LIND IN 'ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.'—It is barely possible to do justice to the effect produced on ourselves, in common with the concourse of persons assembled on Tuesday and Thursday nights at this theatre. We have arrived at a new stage of our theatrical experience. A new perception of musical art has burst upon us; it is as though we now learned for the first time what singing really is, and have been, with all our fancied knowledge and taste, grouping, till now, in darkness and error. The 'trick of voice,' the well-prepared bursts, the artistic 'effects,' which we have hitherto applauded to the skies, are discovered to be only so many mistakes, and artists appear to have been laboring all their lives to attain that which they were better without. We have learned that the best way to tread the stage is to seem wholly devoid of theatrical art; the best way to sing is to appear never to have learned. All conventionalisms are overthrown, all traditions of the operatic stage turned into contempt—and, by what? By the appearance of Mlle. Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre. An excitement almost unparalleled in theatrical annals has prevailed as to the appearance of the Swedish *cantatrice*; the highest expectations were formed, while on the other hand, there was a fear—not an unnatural one—that she could not equal her immense reputation, and come up to the ideal of those with whom she had been, for so long a period, the topic of conversation, and the object of extraordinary interest. This fear was proved to be groundless—Jenny Lind has surpassed all expectation, because it had been impossible to be prepared for something so startlingly new—so unlike all we have heard before. Each one, it is true, formed his own idea of the vocalist; yet this always bore a certain resemblance to some bygone favorite, or to some existing *prima donna*; most people expected, indeed, a marvellous superiority in degree, but were unprepared for the superiority in *kind* of talent which she possesses.

To have attained the perfect control over her voice—that faultlessness, purity, and delicacy of execution—which she possesses, Mlle. Lind must have studied ardently; but to such profit have been her studies, that there is nothing in her singing to remind one of them. Every thing she does appears spon-

taneous—and yet there is never a fault. The same thing is remarkable in her acting—every movement seems the impulse of the moment; yet, not for a second does she lose sight of the identity of the character she impersonates—not for a moment are her gestures otherwise than expressive and graceful. Art, by her, has been only used to cultivate nature—not for a moment to disguise it. Were it possible to detect a flaw in the voice, or a slip in the execution of Jenny Lind, her singing would still be resistless, for it reaches the heart and touches the deepest chord of human feeling; but she has, perhaps, never a weak moment; at the instant the listener, from the habit of hearing other artists, expects the voice to become weak and fatigued, at that moment it bursts forth in greater beauty than ever. Her voice is astonishing. To the fullest, purest, sweetest tone imaginable it unites a vibrating and penetrating quality and makes its softest whisper audible, no matter where the listener is seated; and that, when exerted to its fullest extent, is truly glorious; and it may be distinctly heard above the greatest din of the orchestra, and of the voices of the other artists.

We are not afraid of being considered extravagant in our praise, at least by those who have witnessed Mdlle. Lind's performance, for the delight of hearing something so new and so natural has taken the most phlegmatic by storm. Seldom has any theatre presented such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm as Her Majesty's on the night of her *debut*. Her reception was overpowering—that said much for the fame which had preceded, and also, we think, for the universal good-will which Mdlle. Lind, as an individual, had succeeded in inspiring—the feeling of enthusiasm warmed, too, as it was, by the shrinking, timid attitude of the young artist, as she was led forward to receive such unusual plaudits, showed that public expectation, after being raised so high, was fully gratified, and even surpassed. We never heard any thing more delicious than the sustained notes which commence her first cavatina, *Va dit elle*, full, clear, and bell-like, then dying off into the faintest whisper. This song was interrupted by a thunder of applause, above which, however, could be heard the stentorian *bravo* of the great Lablache, who, after sitting immovable in his box, like one entranced, suddenly jumped up, as if unable to control his feelings, and applauded furiously. The charming little romance, *Quand le quitta la Normandie* was even more rapturously applauded, each verse being encored. At the conclusion of the last he gave the roulade, *A pliene voix*, limpid and deliciously sweet, and finished with a shake so delicately, so softly executed, that each one held his breath to listen, and the torrent of applause at the ending baffled description. The scene with *Bertram* was magnificently executed. Her passion of terror was nature itself; and the last act, in which she struggles to rescue *Robert* from the

clothes of *Bertram*, as a specimen of dramatic power, was beyond praise. The house to the close presented such a scene as has been rarely witnessed. The crowded mass, waving hats and handkerchiefs, stamping, knocking, shouting, and endeavoring in every possible manner to show their delight, called the vocalist three times before the curtain, with an enthusiasm we have never seen surpassed, and yet which was no more than deserved. On Friday and Saturday in the last week in May, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind appeared as *Amina* in *La Sonnambula*, and was again received with the intense applause of a very crowded audience. Her performance is thus spoken of:

"On Thursday, "*Roberto il Diavolo*" was also repeated. Hitherto, we have but noticed the the circumstances of Mdlle. Lind's *debut* and the peculiarities of her voice and style of singing, not being able to bestow equal attention on that which is equally remarkable—her acting. The part of *Alice* in "*Roberto il Diavolo*," is admirably calculated to develop Jenny Lind's powers in this branch of her art; but words would fail us to describe the completeness and perfection of her performance. From beginning to end there is not a gesture, not a movement, not an inflexion of voice, which is not characteristic of the person she represents; and yet these traits escape her without being herself conscious of them—in spite of herself, as it were—so thoroughly has she become imbued with the sentiment of her art. This perfection could never be obtained by study; it is the result of that marvellous and inexplorable power of identifying oneself with imaginary characters and situations, which Shakespeare, Goethe, and some few gifted beings here and there have possessed, and it is the very height of dramatic art.

"The reading which Jenny Lind gives to the character of *Alice* is exquisite; the blending of almost angelic innocence, of ingenuousness and feminine timidity, with a rectitude that cannot comprehend evil, and a lion-like courage in the cause of truth, forms one of the most lovely portraiture ever presented on the stage. Jenny Lind's expressive face gives the finishing stroke to the picture. The want of symmetry of feature apparent in it when in repose, renders only more irresistible and fascinating that expression and intellect which endue it when excited with a beauty that surprises and startles the beholder, and the serene look of goodness and piety which pervades it at times, render it angelic. Her *jeu nuet* is as remarkable as her delivery of any phrase of passion or excitement, for one feeling chases another across her face, and tells a whole history while she utters not a word. Nor does expression reside in her face alone; the feeling of the moment seems to pervade her whole person, and above all her arms and hands tell a tale of themselves. So perfectly



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does she identify herself with her part, that it is difficult to persuade oneself she can ever perform another than the one we see her in. We can hardly, when witnessing her impersonation of *Alice*, the country maiden, of whose rustic simplicity and timidity she never loses sight in the moment of greatest excitement, imagine her to possess sufficient intensity of passion for *Norma*, which is, nevertheless, one of her best parts, or enough dashing spirit for "La Figlia del Reggimento," which is another—greater praise than this cannot be given. Every portion of her impersonation of *Alice* from the first moment she enters, is equally admirable and well-sustained. The most striking moments, however, are her clinging to the cross, in fear of Bertram, and the last scene, where her overpowering anxiety for Robert's safety, mastering every other feeling, the despair with which she sees that even the appeal in his mother's will is not irresistible, and the scream of joy with which she pronounced the words, "E mezza notte!" rivet the spectator's every look and thought.

"The popularity of this incomparable *artiste* seems to increase. She was as enchanting as on every preceding occasion—having been most emphatically encored in all the solos she sang during the evening; and the enraptured audience, not content with her singing 'Quando lasciar la Normandie' twice, she sung it a third time, finishing with a beauteous cluster of the most exquisite *fioriture*. At the conclusion of this truly magnificent performance, she was summoned four times before the curtain, when the stage was literally covered with bouquets; in fact, it was as much as Jenny Lind and Staudigl could accomplish to take them off the stage."

We continue our extracts that the reader may have a full knowledge of the intense excitement created by Jenny Lind at that period.

"If we consider the extraordinary excitement that has taken place in London since the arrival of Mlle. Jenny Lind, the crowds that are nightly unable to obtain admission, the anxiety of persons flocking from all parts of the British dominions, and even the continent, to witness her unrivalled performances, the number of times her Majesty and all the members of the Royal family, accompanied by several foreign Princes, have been to hear her, the unprecedented honor of Her Most Gracious Majesty, who, on two occasions, threw splendid bouquets to the charming songstress—if we wonder at all these circumstances, coupled with the number of times she is called out every night she performs, the house rising *en masse* to cheer and applaud her, accompanied by every species of the most genuine and heartfelt applause—then we say the triumph of Jenny Lind has been the greatest on record. Who that has heard her will ever forget her new and wonderfully executed *fioriture* and that *mezza voce* shake, so close, so firm, so distinct, and so dying away, that you are at a loss to know when it was

concluded; which might be compared to a person looking upon the sea, the boundary of which is untraceable in the distance.

On Thursday night, Donizetti's opera "La Figlia del Reggimento," was performed for the purpose of introducing Mlle. Jenny Lind in a new *role*. She was completely successful, and achieved another triumph. Her Majesty, the Consort, her Majesty Queen Adelaide, and the Grand Duke Constantine, honored the theatre with their presence.

"La Figlia del Reggimento" is the first opera Donizetti wrote for the French stage, and was performed at the Opera Comique during the seasons of 1839 and 1840. It has been subsequently performed in almost every operatic theatre upon the Continent.

This was the first opportunity Jenny Lind had of displaying her comic powers, and the striking contrast she exhibited in the two acts of this charming opera, was indeed as remarkable as it was judicious and enchanting.

Mlle. Lind's performance of *Maria* setting aside its surpassing beauty as a musical accomplishment, is truly a wonderful piece of acting. That it should excite our deepest admiration for the lofty character of *Alice*, and engage our warmest sympathies in behalf of the simple *Amina*, is not so astonishing as that, without losing for an instant the truth of the impersonation, she should so completely enlist our affections and tastes on behalf of a character which, in other hands, would be the reverse of elegant or refined—that of a suttler girl. But, with Mlle. Jenny Lind, whatever she undertakes, it will always be so. There is an innate grace and dignity of manner which never leaves her, and which united to the winning archness, *naivete*, and naturalness of her acting, forms the most fascinating combination. The look of enjoyment in her face, communicates itself to, and completely carries away her listeners; and it is the impression of all those who see her as *Maria*, how thoroughly she relishes her part. A careless spectator (but there are few such, when she performs,) would lose a great deal of the merit of her performance; she must be watched at every movement, to catch the ever varying expression of her features. The look of complete enjoyment as she struts about the stage, singing her regimental air—her *naive* coquetry with the old *Sergeant*—the struggle between inclination and the sense of duty, when studying the old-fashioned romance with the *Marquise*; all these, and many others, are movements which must be watched for; and she may be watched throughout, for never with Jenny Lind, as with other artists, does the wandering eye and listless countenance, in moments of repose, recall to mind the actress, and destroy the illusion of the scene.

We have hitherto only spoken of her acting, and the reason is, because this is principally remarkable in this opera. The music of "La Figlia del Reggimento" is in general not strikingly good, and can hardly develop, worthily, Mlle. Lind's immense resources.

She has two airs in the first act, both pretty in themselves, and deliciously sung by her. There is also a duettino between her and Gardoni—"A Confession si Ardent" which although not possessing much intrinsic merit, becomes one of the gems of the opera when sung by these two admirable artists. It is the only thing of consequence that Gardoni has to sing in the whole opera; and we cannot admire too much the charming manner in which he succeeds in blending his voice with that of Mlle Lind. This was particularly remarkable at the moment when the two voices sunk together to the lowest whisper and then swelled again with such admirable *ensemble*. Indeed, we never before remember to have heard a duet sung with such perfection, and in which the two voices were more exactly suited to each other. Who will ever forget the natural, but comic expression with which she repeats the words "Per Bacco" when the proud lady the *Marchioness of Birkenfield* claims her as her niece, and then the exquisite feeling she infuses into the words "Lascair i padri miei" and "Addio," when she is about to take leave of her supposed father and the companions of her youth, at the end of the first act!

The second act gives Jenny Lind full scope for a wonderful display of vocalization. It is when she is practising the romance with her aunt, she launches forth into the most elaborate succession of *fiorituri* shakes and cadences of all descriptions, to the utter astonishment of the *Marquise*, who can scarcely believe her ears, and then, just as she is in the midst of one of the highest and most difficult passages, she dashes down the music in a fit of impatience, and begins singing her favorite regimental air. This is the best scene of the opera, and always excites universal laughter. Her Majesty, the Prince Oscar of Sweden, and an immense assemblage of royalty, rank, and fashion, attended the performances on Saturday. The Queen was again present, with the Grand Duke Constantine, the Duchess of Cambridge, &c., on Tuesday, when "La Sonnambula" was given. It is needless to advert again to Mlle. Lind's performance in this opera. Repetition cannot diminish the thrilling effect of such scenes as the last—the exquisite "Ah, non credea mirarti"—the holding and dropping, one by one of the flowers; and those soft prolonged notes, which makes the listener hold his breath, fearful of losing the smallest inflexion of her voice.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria, her Royal Consort Prince Albert, and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Grand Duke Constantine, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, and the *elite* of the nobility at present in London, honored the theatre with their presence.

Another notice of Mademoiselle Lind's performance at his Majesty's Theatre^c from the

same journal as the above is extracted from, will repay perusal. It is taken from one of the numbers for June, 1847.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at Her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday evening will long remember the splendour of that temple of lyrical art, which was celebrated (as our French neighbors say) for two *solenitez*: the State Visit of her Most Gracious Majesty, and the triumphant success of Mlle. Jenny Lind in the *chef d'œuvre* of Bellini, as *Norma*. As early as half-past three o'clock, several parties had assembled at the various entrances of the theatre; and the doors were opened half-an-hour earlier than usual.—Crowds of her Majesty's loyal subjects thronged Pall Mall, who greeted the Queen *en route* to the theatre, where her Majesty was received with a flourish of trumpets by the band of the Guards, and cheers by those assembled at the doors. Precisely at eight o'clock, the Queen entered the Royal box with his Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by their suite: when instantaneously the band struck up "God Save the Queen," which was sung by the leading members of *la troupe mélodiste*—Mdme. Castellan singing the last verse. The applause at the conclusion was genuine, and highly enthusiastic. Her Majesty, having gracefully acknowledged the cheers and plaudits of her loyal subjects inside the house sat down; and the performance commenced.

"For twelve years, this opera has been deservedly highly popular in this country—there is a charming strain of melody that must delight every true lover of music.

"The admirable performance on Tuesday evening, of Jenny Lind, as the Druid Priestess, was as remarkable for her superb vocalization as her beautifully impressive reading of the *role* of *Norma*. On her *entree*, she was received with the same marks of genuine approbation as on other occasions, which were renewed on her concluding the first movement of the celebrated aria 'Casta Diva,' when one of those notes were heard, so pure, so full, so bell-toned, and continued for such a length of time, that everybody present was equally astonished and delighted. The second movement was remarkable for a new reading of the text, when she introduced some chromatic *fiorituri*, which were executed with the greatest precision, truthfulness of intonation, and produced a most brilliant effect. At the conclusion of the first movement of the popular duet 'Deh con te,' a new cadenza was most effectively given, in which Mlle. Lind seemed to revel in all the exuberance of her exquisite taste; and she was ably seconded by Mdme. Barromi, who was the *Adalgisa* of the evening. The beauties of Mlle. Lind's acting and singing in this *role* are so numerous, that, to do her justice, we should mention every piece in which she has to perform in the opera.

Mademoiselle Lind is great in *Norma*, from first to last. It is not a splendid burst

here and there, which constitutes the beauty of her performance; it is a fine intellectual conception of the character which is sustained throughout, not a look or gesture escaping her, but which is in perfect keeping; and this is not, we are convinced, the effect of art, but of that marvellous power of identifying, herself with the character she performs, which none possess to greater degree. From her first entrance, beneath the calm dignity and inspired manner of the priestess, may be traced the workings of a heart ill at ease.—Few things can exceed the beauty of her opening recitative, terminating with those long dying notes, so inexpressibly touching, in which no one can equal her. The 'Casta Diva' is sung by her with a touch of sadness, blending with the calm sweetness of the air. And let us remark, *en passant*, the few notes she throws in while the chorus take up the strain. It is as if some bird of the woods, in which the scene is laid, had broken in upon the voice of the singers. It is only Mdlle Lind who can produce such effects as these. To the second part of the 'Casta Diva,' she gives a totally different character from the first. The one, calm and religious in its expression; the second, where she calls *Pollione*, to mind, is the outpouring of earthly passion.

We must hasten over the intermediate scenes, splendidly given as they are by her, to that where she attempts to murder her children. To this scene, which has always appeared to us one of gratuitous and unnatural horror, she gives truth and probability.—Her face is blanched and almost convulsed by agony; her wild look and tottering step give indications of a brain almost distraught, and she comes again and again to the attempt, like one whose purpose (a purpose of madness, it is true,) has been strongly taken, and whose mind has been worked up to the dreadful act. Thus, the mother's love which stays her hand is rendered more striking and powerful. Never shall we forget the look of horror with which she throws back her head her hair falling backward also, when she let her dagger drop. It is almost too true and too painful.

In the last scene she is splendid. The two duets with *Pollione*, "In mia mon alfin tu sei" and "Mal oor tradisti," she gives with a passion, feeling, and dignity, unsurpassed. Nothing can be more beautiful, too, than the look of wild exultation which lights up her features while preparing her vengeance; but, it is when, after having denounced herself, the remembrance of her children comes across her, that her despair breaks all bounds, and takes gestures, and movements, and tones, which would melt the coldest heart. Here she reminded us of some scene of Shakespeare. She is truly worthy to carry out the inspirations of our immortal bard; for hers is the acting, as his is the language of nature, and will force its way, despite all cavilling

and fault-finding, to every heart that is susceptible of a spark of feeling.

We do not speak of the encores, the calls before the curtain she obtained, for all these are but feeble testimonials to genius such as hers.

The ever-charming opera, "*La Sonnambula*," was repeated on Thursday night to one of the most densely crowded houses we ever witnessed. Mdlle. Jenny Lind continues her triumphant career in her favorite role, *Aminta*, in which she displayed on Thursday evening all those wonders in the vocal art that enrapture as well as astonish her hearers. Every ovation that was possible was resorted to for the audience to testify the delight they had experienced: she was called for after each act, and encored amidst a tumult of applause, when floral crowns and a shower of bouquets were thrown at the feet of the favorite."

The Jenny Lind mania, at this time, is so graphically described by an American correspondent, we cannot resist giving it:

LONDON, Friday, June 25, 1847.

Having the fear of the American public before my eyes, I dared not think of returning to the United States, (so called,) without first seeing that greatest of all lions the Swedish Nightingale. JENNY LIND, *alias* Jenny Lion, *alias* Jenny Linnet, *alias* Jenny Nightingale, is the one object of attraction in London just now, about which all the fashion and fortune and taste of the metropolis centre and gravitate, as by a universal and irrepressible instinct. Even "Ethiopian Serenaders" and "Congo Melodists," have to "clear de track" (to the tune of "Out of de way, Old Dan Tucker,") at her appearance, while the "Bedouin Arabs" leap out of her way like so many frightened satyrs. In the full blaze of her fame, which mantles the whole kingdom, and indeed lights up all Europe, other luminaries, however bright, flicker and fade away like rushlights in the sun. She towers up over the most formidable rivals for popular applause—over the *Ellslers*, the *Grisis*, the *Grahams*, the *Ceritos*, the *Taglionis*, like Jesse Hutchinson's "High Rock" of Lynn, over a colony of potatoe hills. Her name is on every tongue, and her fame in every trumpet. ** Believe it or not, I have seen and heard JENNY LIND—stood upon my mortal feet (and rather than not have seen her, would have stood upon my immortal head,) for five English hours, just to see her sweet face and hear her pure voice through one fleeting opera. I went in company with two young ladies, to whom in a rash moment I had "offered myself," (let no anti-bigamist get in a rage before reading the three words) as a—*pilot*. We hurried to the doors of the opera house nearly two hours before the time of opening, and found them already besieged by a crowd, in the midst of which we were like rain drops in a maelstrom. We soon

found ourselves pressed together as if every person present had fully resolved on leaving a full length and indelible impression of himself, not omitting a button or a thread, upon every person with whom he could come in contact. The hug of a bear would have been a luxury compared to the embraces to which without even the slight formality of a presentation, all of us, without distinction of size, skin or sex, were instantly subjected.—The only "introduction" which the occasion seemed to offer, was the introduction into your eyes, and between your ribs, and among your corns, of every man's fists, elbows, knees, or boots—as the case might be—which for the time being he might find it convenient to force upon your acquaintance. Within such circumstances we waited for two mortal hours, each minute of which aspired to be an hour on its own private account, and not without some success—when all at once we heard a shout and a crash, and the next instant were borne forward with most 'indecent haste' through an interminable crooked hearted gallery as full of angles as a lawyer's brain. We were now raised off our feet and hurried through the air, walking upon nothing and finding it very hard; anon let down to be thumped against a stone wall like battering rams, squeezed through narrow passages as if we were made of new putty and were just fit for cracks; this moment poked in the eye by a poker in the shape of what must have been an iron-brimmed hat, and the next having the bridge of our nose so shaken that every one of its 'sleepers' were wide awake instantly and trembling for life; and finally being carried into the pit, with a most pitiless rush, amid the screams and shrieks of a thousand operating but most unopera-like voices, each of which seemed intent on belching its miserable self out of existence. At last, though, we had something like order and quiet,

'And silence, like a poultice, came
To heal the blows of sound.'

Each of my ladies having come out of the rush with "one shoe on and one shoe off" and one of them with the skirt of her dress literally torn away, (so that she had to appear in dimity instead of muslin,) we were detained in the lobby for a minute or two, and so lost the chance—which we had pretty well earned—of a good seat, and were obliged to put up with a very indifferent seat.

After a while there burst upon us the musical fire and fury of the orchestra, a swelling column of sound which, coming from nearly a hundred impatient instruments all doing their loudest, produced such a perfect hurricane of sound that when the final blast had spent itself, and the furious bow had perpetrated its last scrape, and the whole company of blowers and scrapers had disappeared, mysteriously, amid echoing thunders of applause, (to "wet their whistles" and "splice their main braces")—the vast audience drew a long sigh which came hard like a double tooth, and we all "once more"—"like Black Dan" on

a memorable occasion,—breathed freely.—Then came the tinkle of a small bell, as of a stray cow—then another not quite so modest, and then—up went the blushing curtain as if ashamed of itself for having waited so long revealing a whole *troupe* of open-mouthed, imitation-foreigners, who instantly went off into an elaborate series of the most excruciating screams which the human throat (whose capacities in that way appear to be unlimited) is capable of. All this was increased and aggravated by the mad orchestra, which having got "wet" and "spliced" were now up (and down) to anything in the way of noise, and broke forth upon the already wounded air with an amount of brazen and cat-gut clatter which was perfectly astounding.

The first act yelled and roared itself away in this obstreperous fashion; the second began and continued for a while, as if it was the 'same old coon'—and then gliding in like a star, beaming and beautiful, appeared the genius of the evening, JENNY LIND. The moment the first ray of light radiated from her glowing face, every eye in that 'uncounted multitude' shone like fire, and a chorus of welcome came forth from their uplifted voice which made the poor girl tremble 'like a reed shaken in the storm.' The storm over, with her clear blue eye bent on the stage, and the mellow light of her countenance shaded by her soft tresses, the beautiful songstress advanced towards the footlights, made her silent and tremulous acknowledgments, exchanged a look of confidence and joy with the rapt thousands before her, and then with the ease, and freedom and grace, and sweetness of a bird, she let out a stream of simple, clear, *sustained* melody, so natural, and so full of pathos and beauty, that to receive it except in perfect silence would have been actual sacrilege. And this was fit prelude to what followed at the instant, and was continued from time to time, (after the interruptions, and, too often, with the insane 'accompaniments' of the orchestra,) throughout the evening. The opera was *Roberto la Diavolo*. In parts of it, and especially toward the close, her voice was fuller and more powerful than at first; though it was, after all, the quiet yet rich and melodious cadences of her *exordium* which touched me the most deeply.

What enhanced the effect of the whole performance was her childlike simplicity of expression and manner; her entire freedom from that distortion of countenance, extravagance of costume, and wild, shrieky, pains-taking, breath catching effort at the unnatural and startling, which renders most operatic performances so disgusting. Whatever is the fact, how-much-or-little-so-ever the *quid pro quo* has to do with Jenny Lind's singing be the connection between her bird-notes and bank-notes never so intimate—one thing is plain, she appears to sing for the same reason that the bird does, because she *loves it*; and when she gives her soul up to the mas-



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terry and mystery (some would add, and *mis-tress-y.*) of song, and becomes inspired by its sacred influence, she seems utterly lost to all sublunary thoughts, and her spirit soars, on unfaltering wing, and with unbroken and exulting voice, until, like the lark, she is lost to our sight, and her voice comes trembling down to us from the still depths above, like a stray note from some angelic choir.

Oh, that her voice, like that of our charming *American* Songstress, (who can I mean but *Abbey Hutchinson?*) might be heard in the lowly cottages of the poor; in the muffled ear of the prison within the icy heart of the alms-house; at the gatherings of the people when they are called together in the great behalf of down-trodden and degraded humanity; in the soul of the trembling slave; in the conscience of the guilty slave-holder; and of the poor sensualist and sot. It would speak a language unto all, so full of faith, and hope, and charity—so instinct with divine light and love, that its gentle tones would pierce the hardest heart, and raise the most drooping and desolate spirit. It is a voice—that voice of Jenny Lind's—which might wake up the forgotten harmonies of the most wretched heart, and lull to sleep the fiercest passions which ever rent the human breast. I ne'er shall listen to “it's like again,” I wish I could describe it; but that were to utter it. It seemed to me chiefly remarkable for its untaught simplicity and sweeteness of manner and the perfect purity of its tone. I have heard voices of more power—more physical power I mean—but never one of so fine quality. She has a faculty of trilling, as it is called, or *chirping*, which is most marvellous. At such times the “shake” of her voice—though continued for an incredible length of time—is as gentle as if the crystal stream of her outgushing melody were only made tremulous by a passing salute from the soft breath of Heaven. A stream of sparkling water, tripping over a pebbly bank, and singing its pretty quavers to the wooing flowers, does not suggest more of graceful and unlabor'd beauty than the transparent flow of this Swedish Nightingale's voice as it runs, upon silver foot, over the glad and yielding gamut. So with all her movements which are grace and genius personified. From the moment she lights, like a fairy, upon the stage, till, upon the wings of some transporting melody she is borne from our sight, every eye is riveted upon her, and every heart hushes its small pulse in silent admiration (I had well nigh written adoration) of her graceful movements.

I was interested to observe that although the Queen herself entered the house during the opera, few persons took any special notice of her. Here and there a double-barrelled (be quiet, timid reader, not *pistol*, but) opera-glass was aimed at her; but as a rule of the optical power of the house, double-barrelled and single, straight-eyed, squint-eyed and sheep-eyed, was expended upon Jenny Lind.

The old Scotch proverb reads: “*Where M'Donald is, is the head of the table.*” Just so. And “*where Jenny Lind is, is the throne of the Realm,*” herself victorious over all Victorias, and Queen of all Queens. You should see her. She is not one of your Charles II's beauties, whose voluptuous charms steal away the senses of silly princes, and give their reason the fever and ague—not a *Nell Gwynne*, or a *Duchess of Cleveland*, or a *Miss Stewart*, to be hunted through town by every chartered libertine in the land; but her beauty is of that calm, chaste, classic (though far from cold) order, which inspires the rapt beholder with spiritual delight, and gives him as it were a new sense of the lovely and perfect. She has dignity softened by grace; beauty hastened by thought and serenity and simplicity heightened into perfect loveliness by her most childlike *naïvete* and enthusiasm.

The following July, Verdi's new farce of “*I Masnadieri*” was played several times, to crowded houses, and went off with great *éclat*. Jenny Lind's execution of the splendid aria, “*Carlo Vine*” was received with thunders of applause, and was, besides, encored; and the charming duettino in the third act, *Ma un iri di pace*, between Lind and Gardoni, obtained the same honors.—The other pieces were favorably received, and the chorus went admirably. Verdi was advertised to conduct, but Balfi took his place. The principal *artistes* were recalled several times, and *bouquets* innumerable were thrown to the Swedish songstress.

Among the personations of Mademoiselle Lind during her first season at the Opera House in London, was that of *Amina* in Bellini's *Sonnambula*. The following notice from a critical authority, will afford some idea of the excellence of Jenny's impersonation, as well as of the anxiety that was felt to see her in every new character.

“ All the seats in the house were occupied to witness her exquisite personation of the gentle *Amina*, in Bellini's “*Sonnambula*.”—Of all the modern operas, “*La Sonnambula*” has been the greatest favorite, not only in London, but on the Continent. We may say that it was performed on Thursday to perfection; and the charming duet, “*Son gelos del Zeffiro*,” which we believe has not been sung in the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, was restored to its place, rendering the opera complete in every respect—exquisitely sung by Jenny Lind and Gardoni. Every person we have spoken to is unanimous in saying that Md'lle. Jenny Lind's superb singing, on Thursday, was the most exquisite vocal treat ever heard within the walls of Her Majesty's Theatre. One of the greatest beauties in her

vocalisation is, that, in her cadences, she preserves the character of the style of music she is singing, for which the ancient singers were so famous. These impromptus of her refined taste are invariably executed and finished off in a style that delights the most fastidious *dilettante*. This was most remarkable on Thursday, when she poured forth her exquisite embellishments with a charm and grace that won every heart. Her impersonation of this role is one of unbounded interest from beginning to end, never flagging for a moment; it is a true picture of the most engaging simplicity, and the affection of a pure and artless mind.

In the early part of the last scene, so powerfully was the interest of the audience riveted to the performance, that unbroken silence prevailed throughout the house, succeeded by such a hurricane of applause and excitement as baffles all verbal description: Mdlle. Lind was encored with intensity twice in "Ah mon guinge." Gardoni, as *Eltino* was encored twice during the evening. After the fall of the curtain, Mdlle. Lind was called for, and appeared three times and never was greater enthusiasm exhibited in any theatre in the world, to render justice to her truly artistic and enchanting performance. We shall therefore conclude by saying it was perfection.

We annex some additional criticisms on Mademoiselle Lind's performances while in London, being enabled to vouch for their accuracy, and feeling that by such means alone, those persons who have never had the pleasure of hearing her, can form an idea of what she is, as a vocalist. The performances criticised below took place in the August of 1847.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

"Bellini's "Puritani" was revived on Saturday night, to introduce Mademoiselle Jenny Lind in a new part, that of *Eltira*. Of all the compositions of Vincent Bellini, not one, always excepting the "Sonnambula" has enjoyed a greater popularity than the "Puritani..." His "Adelson e Salvina," written in 1824, was followed, two years afterwards, by "Bianca e Gernando," played at the San Carlo, at Naples; and the latter work secured him his engagement at La Scala, in Milan, in 1827, where he produced his "Pirata" for Rubini. The following year he produced his "Straniera," for Madame Marie Lalande and Tamburini; and then, his name having become renowned in Italy, he wrote the "Capuletti e Montecchi" for Venice; and then came his masterpiece, the "Sonnambula," composed expressly for Pasta.

"Elated with his success, and resolved not to be set down as following in the wake of Rossini, Donizetti, Mercadante, Pacini, Caffara, &c., the young Bellini gave to the world his "Norma," in which Malibran electrified the amateurs in Italy. It is not generally

known that Bellini visited London in 1835 (he died on the 23d of September in that year) to witness Malibran's representation of *Amina* in his "Sonnambula," and, singularly enough, just one year afterwards, on the very same day, Malibran died at Manchester—both being precisely the same age, 28. It was in 1834 that Bellini composed his "Puritani" for the Italian Opera in Paris, for the four greatest *artistes* ever assembled together in one week, namely, Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache.

The *Eltira* of Mdlle. Lind is a very interesting delineation. It is an artistic conception, carried out with that conscientious care and unflagging zeal characterising all her performances. The polaca, "Son vergen vezosa," was brilliantly sung and encored; and, in the opening duo with Lablache, the intensity of delight at the lover's approach was gracefully expressed.

The most exquisite bit of vocalisation displayed by Mdlle. Lind, to our minds, was in the finale of the first act, where, in an under tone, *Eltira* pours forth her accents of desolation at *Arturo's* supposed flight with a rival. The mad scene, "Qui la voce," in the second act, is very similar in the dramatic situation to that in the *Lucia*, and therefore afforded little scope for variety. The last scene, the fainting and restoration to reason on learning that *Arturo* had only fulfilled his duty in saving the proscribed Queen, was very ably depicted. Mdlle. Lind was much applauded for her exertions, and received a fervent ovation at the end of the opera.

On Tuesday night Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" was produced at this theatre, with a house crowded to the ceiling; Mdlle. Lind filling the role of *Susanna*; Madame Castellan, the *Countess*; Signor Coletti, the *Count*; Herr Staudigl, *Figaro*; and Signor Lablache, *Doctor Bartolo*. Mdlle. Lind sang *Susanna* with classical purity, and acted in her most fascinating manner. The duet of "Sull'aria" and the aria "Deh vieni," were both rapturously encored; and an unaccompanied *morceau*, by Jenny Lind, Staudigl, Lablache, and Madame Grimaldi, in the second act, was sung three times, amidst a *furore* of applause.

On Saturday night, the after-season at this theatre closed with Mdlle. Lind's matchless performance of *Amina*, in "La Sonnambula." The house was crowded to suffocation; Mdlle. Lind received with, if possible, increased intensity of applause, from first to last; the *cantatrice* was called again and again, before the curtain—as if to defer for a few moments the leave-taking. At the close of the opera, 'God save the Queen' was sung; the whole audience standing, when the appearance of the house was very brilliant.

It was remarked by a London publication of this date, in substantiation of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's celebrity, that she had given her name to every species of article that formed the *toilette*, and was known in all

classes of society, from the highest to the lowest. No *artiste* had ever enjoyed more signal tokens of royal favor; and her excellent private character, the qualities of her heart and her mind, added to her wonderful genius in her vocation, rendered her not unworthy of such distinction. Queen Victoria scarcely missed a performance of Mademoiselle Lind's, while in town and gave an evident token of her appreciation of this *artiste*, by commanding *Norma* to be played on the night she visited the theatre in state.

The following anecdote in connection with the Queen and the distinguished singer we quote from the New Monthly Magazine.

"At her Majesty's concert, at which Mdlle. Jenny Lind, in addition to Grisi, Albani, Staudigl, and other leading artists had the honor of singing, it was remarked that the selection of music was by no means calculated to elicit the powers of the Swedish Nightingale. But in one piece, a solo, in which Mdlle Lind was accompanied by Signor Costa on the pianoforte, it was further remarked that (probably from the two distinguished musicians not having been accustomed to perform together) the accompaniment was injuring the effect of the vocalism. Her Majesty's quick ear noted this, and leaving her seat, the Queen walked up to Mdlle Jenny Lind, and apprised her that she was at perfect liberty to select some composition in which she could accompany herself. Jenny Lind profited by this gracious permission, and taking her seat at the instrument, sang some Swedish melodies, which enchanted the whole court."

Another anecdote in which Macready the "eminent" figures, is too good to be lost.

"After Jenny Lind had been some time performing at Her Majesty's Theatre, Macready decided upon witnessing her performance. He accordingly despatched a polite note to Mr. Lumley, requesting a box. Lumley had none to give for her next performance, as these were already taken. He however sent the great tragedian one for the following night, the character which Jenny would then have to support being, as luck would have it, *Alice*, in *Robert le Diable*.—Macready was there, and, unfashionable in his habits, as are all great artists, contrived to be there previously to the rising of the curtain. The charming *Sicilienne*, 'O, Fortune,' sung by *Robert*, passed without exciting the slightest sensation on Macready's part, who, to tell the truth, possessed no great taste for music. However, when Jenny came upon the stage, the tragedian listened, and when she put forth the power of her delicate voice, in the tender and sublime *cavatina*, known as 'Va det-elle,' he felt that he began to relish music. As those rich and mellifluous notes faded upon the

house, he was seen applauding, and then, as if ashamed of himself, he again relapsed into his usual stoicism of demeanor. It was in the second act that he was moved entirely out of his usual self-possession.

"Her sublime duet with *Bertram* moved him into passionate applause; and when, with her last notes ringing in his ears, she casts herself at the foot of the cross, he could contain himself no more, but throwing himself back in his box, he turned to his wife, who had accompanied him, and said, 'She—is—an—angel.' He was charmed and electrified. The enthusiasm clung to him all that night.

"Next morning he drove out without ceremony to Jenny's hermitage at Wimbledon, and sent up his card—entire stranger as he was, in all but that which makes genius with genius one kin. Jenny looked at it and read the name—W. C. Macready.

"Orders were immediately given for his admittance, and in a brief space of time the twain knew each other as well as if they had been the friends of years. Macready told her how highly he had been the night before delighted with her singing and acting—of course he laid the greatest stress upon the singing, it being precisely in that part of the performance of which the meanest fiddler in an orchestra would be the better judge. This mattered little. He had been startled from his equanimity by it, and fortunately the language of praise is never criticised. He then added that he himself was generally allowed to be something of an actor, and that it would gratify him exceedingly were she to accept an invitation to witness his representation of one of Shakespeare's characters. Jenny complied with the wish, and commanded 'King Lear.'

"On the night appointed, Macready had one of the best boxes in the Princesses' Theatre, at which he was then engaged, set apart for the operatic syren. She was delighted with his performance, and applauded frequently and appropriately. It got wind, however, that she was in the house, and from that moment John Bull paid no more attention to Macready. 'The star' of the evening was outshone by the brighter star that had entered his hemisphere. Two or three times, indeed, the aforesaid John Bull tried to get up three cheers for the exquisite songstress.—Public decorum and good sense, nevertheless, prevailed, and the intended honor was allowed to pass. The evening at last came to a close, and, with their usual pertinacity, the crowd waited outside the theatre to give her the cheers which they had hitherto refrained from administering. Macready had in the mean time come round to receive her compliments, which were offered him with all the grace and frankness which are so characteristic of the Swedish nightingale, and she gave her enthusiastic admirers the slip by stepping out at the stage door, at which Macready had taken the precaution of order-

ing her carriage to be in waiting. After cooling their feet for half an hour in Oxford street, the crowd condescended to go home, deeply annoyed at so unwarrantable an interference with their private pleasures."

One other anecdote which we have heard of her is so pleasing and contrasts so favorably with that which we know of other vocalists that we cannot refrain from giving it to our readers. We believe it occurred at Lincoln. Possibly we may be mistaken in the locality but we are not in the incident. One morning—as we believe, the morning previous to her concert—Jenny Lind was taking a ramble in the neighborhood of that city. She had prolonged her walk somewhat beyond its usual length, and entered the cottage of a poor laborer, to ask permission to rest there. It was cheerfully accorded by the wife who ere much time had elapsed was in a flood of gossip with her temporary guest. She detailed to her all her difficulties and all her troubles and interested her visitor warmly in the thousand miseries of her local *menage*. The good woman then began to talk about Jenny in total ignorance that she was addressing the songstress herself. She told her many things apocryphal, and otherwise which she had heard of her generosity and amused her by the comments which she made upon them. Jenny Lind who was meanwhile nursing her youngest child asked her whether she would like to hear her attempt to sing one of Jenny's best airs. The good woman replied that she should be delighted as she could then judge something of the manner in which Jenny herself would sing it. The stranger accordingly sang one of her own charming and delicious Swedish ballads to the delighted cottager, who was loud in her pleasure for a gratification it is much to be doubted whether any but Jenny Lind's most intimate friends ever before had. "And now," said the stranger, rising, "tell any one who asks you that you have heard Jenny Lind." At the same time she placed something in the hands of the poor woman.

Such was her astonishment and delight, however, that she burst out in thanks for the unexpected pleasure, forgetting even to look at what the lady had given her. She scarcely knew what she said or did. Meanwhile Jenny had kissed the child she had been nursing, and escaped from the cottage. And what was the astonishment of the poor cottager on finding that she had placed five sovereigns in her hand. She ran to the door of her humble dwelling to repeat her thanks a thousand-fold. But her visitor was already out of sight, and she was left with the memory of the Swedish ballad and the money—it may be doubted whether the last, however, were not the most acceptable gift to her poverty—to bless the name of the kind-hearted stranger who had listened to the history of her little woes with so much patience and bribed her by her song to a brief forgetfulness of them.

At the termination of the opera season in

London, Mademoiselle Lind took a tour of the English provinces, and also visited Dublin.—Wherever her name was announced there was the same eagerness to hear her manifested as there had been in London. At Manchester, the "Swedish Nightingale" received £1000 for three nights performance; and in Glasgow £800 for two nights. A Manchester paper, speaking of the Jenny Lind mania, says: "that beyond the transient excitement created by the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, nothing is at present heard of in Manchester, save the approaching appearance of the famous Jenny Lind.—Proverbially staid and business like, as Manchester men are generally counted, they, for the nonce appear to have overcome their usual apathy, to have worked themselves into a perfect *furore* of excitement and delightful expectancy; which, in these "dog days," has become really alarming. Truly may it be said of some of them, that they are in a rabid state. By ten o'clock Saturday morning, the box-office door of the theatre was surrounded by an assemblage of some two or three hundred gentlemen, all waiting to take tickets and places—to hear and see the bewitching *cantatrice*, who has already turned the heads of half the population 'of the metropolis. When the doors were opened, the rush was terrific, and the untiring efforts of some scores of policemen saved the place from being carried by storm.

As fast as the crowd were permitted to enter, their numbers were swelled from behind, until at last the crush and overpowering heat became so oppressive, that many gentlemen actually fainted away, and were carried off by the policemen in attendance. Never was such anxiety manifested here before, in favor of any vocalist or actress. Those who could maintain their ground amidst the mob did so with a patience and a spirit of martyrdom, quite amusing, even to the sacrifice of their coat tails, which in the struggle were torn from them. And all this continued up to four o'clock in the afternoon, crowds pushing and fighting their way, without intermission, up to that hour. To some extent, but only for a short time, the same scene was enacted on Thursday, the demand for tickets and places being quite as great as it had been for an hour or two. "The Swedish Nightingale" will appear at the Manchester Theatre Royal,

four nights, instead of two, as before announced. The nights are Saturday, Wednesday, Tuesday, and Friday, a repetition of the operas being given in the annexed order:—*Sonnambula*, on Saturday and Wednesday; and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, on the two latter nights. This arrangement was made, in consequence of the great inquiry for tickets, and now places will be allotted on application by letter.

In the September of this year, (1847) a superb testimonial was presented to Mademoiselle Lind by Mr. Lumley, as a “tribute of respect for her noble qualities and genius, which have secured the admiration of England.”

The testimonial was of pure silver, dead and bright, and nearly three feet in height.—The composition consisted of a pillar, wreathed with laurels, at the foot of which were seated three draped figures, representing respectively, Tragedy, Music and Comedy.—It was altogether an exquisite piece of art, the subject having been treated with remarkable skill, and the figures beautifully modelled. It was the manufacture of Messrs. Storr & Mortimer, gentlemen who have long been celebrated in their profession. “The cost of this testimonial,” says the *Art Union*, “has been considerable; it is a liberal gift; but it will be valued far beyond its actual worth, as one of many proofs received by the accomplished lady, that her estimable character and high moral worth, as well as her lofty genius, have been appreciated in England. She will leave this country with feelings of more than ordinary respect and affection. Her reception here has sunk deep into her heart; the more so, perhaps, because it exceeded in warmth her expectations; and although her present intention is not to appear on any stage except that of Stockholm, we trust that the impression made upon her heart by the earnest cordiality of the people of England, and the continued liberality and courtesy of the lessee of Her Majesty’s Theatre, will induce her again to visit a country to which she expresses herself fervently and gratefully attached.”

In the following October, the “Swedish Nightingale” concluded her provincial tour. In every place where she appeared her reception had been of the most cordial nature, and the anxiety to see her as great as it has

been described to have been at Manchester. After singing at Plymouth on the 11th, she returned to London, and on the succeeding Tuesday she took her departure for Berlin by the Hamburg steamer.

Relative to her re-appearance in the Prussian capital, the *Universal Gazette of Berlin*, bearing date November, 1847, says—“Jenny Lind’s re-appearance after an almost biennial absence, crowded, as it may be supposed, every part of the Opera House, on Tuesday, the 12th. Returned from England, covered with renown, the favorite offered her performances, as *Marie* in Donizetti’s pretty, but flimsy opera, *La Figlio del Reggimento*. Her reception was enthusiastic; and Jenny was rewarded for her exertions by unanimous greetings, by repeated calls before the curtain, of the most stormy and uproarious character, and by the profuse showering of aromatic bouquets.”

After lauding Jenny Lind’s idealization of the character of *Marie*, and declaring the extreme difficulty of deciding whether her dramatic or vocal skill deserved the success of the evening, the critic goes on to say—

“Such spiritual and physical power, are the rarest resources of her voice—so extraordinary a flexibility of the organ, which has gained strength, especially in the upper register, and almost entirely lost the huskiness which *veiled* (as the Italians say,) the *mezzo* region,—in short, such *virtuosita* and perfection of singing are really wonderful, and render the enthusiasm excited by the appearance of this gifted woman easy of explanation.”

The following details relative to Mademoiselle Lind in her native land, which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* of a date subsequent to that to which we have thus far brought our memoir, portray her excellence and the general esteem in which she was held:

“This delightful songstress creates quite as great a *furore* in her own native city of Stockholm (if not greater) as she has in foreign lands. On the 2d instant, she performed at the Royal Opera, Stockholm, and although tickets were to have been sold at the theatre office, from ten o’clock, on the preceding afternoon, at about four, the *Adolphus* place, where the Opera stands, was already nearly crowded. At eleven the multitude was such that the police interfered, and made the people form *en queue*, but a little after midnight a compact mass of per-

sons made an irruption from the neighboring streets, rushed on the *queue*, broke it, and actually besieged the theatre. Nevertheless, the first crowd, returned, attacked their aggressors, and in a few minutes a desperate fist and foot combat followed. Several persons were severely bruised on the occasion. Detachments of infantry at length, with great trouble, succeeded in clearing the Adolphus-place, and only 2000 persons, or twice the number the theatre could hold, were suffered to approach its office. In the course of the day tickets were paid for as high as fifty times what they had cost at the office. Some of those for the amphitheatre first places were sold at 100 bank rix dollars, or £22. The reception given to Jenny within the theatre was most enthusiastic; every known 'ovation' was conferred on her, including that of which Italy has reserved to herself the privilege—the flying of pigeons in the house. Much of this enthusiasm was no doubt created by the admiration felt at her having on the previous evening published in the journals a note stating that, in order to give her native country a *souvenir* that might last beyond her existence as an artiste, she had determined on devoting to the establishment of a school for poor young persons of both sexes, born with happy dispositions, in which they should be gratuitously taught music and the dramatic art, the whole of the profits of an engagement which she had just concluded with the Royal Opera, and which stipulates that she should sing once a week in December, January, and February, on condition of half of the whole receipts, on every night of her appearance, being given to her, and of a half being added to the prices of places.

"During last season at Stockholm, such was the eagerness to witness her performances that the places at the theatre were put up at auction, and fetched prices which would be extraordinary even here, but in Stockholm were immense. With her share of the proceeds Mdlle. Lind has established an asylum for the support of decayed artists, and particularly of poor young girls who, as she was once, with a taste for the arts, find themselves without means of pursuing their study; hoping, no doubt, that amongst them may be found some, like herself also, endowed with genius enough to conquer the first position in art. One young Swedish maiden of such promise has already appeared—Mdlle. E—and Jenny Lind has given her 6000 francs to study in Paris, under her former master, Emanuel Garcia.

"We will say no more as to the general history of this great vocalist, who, in every capital she visited, has excited not only the enthusiasm of the highest *dilettanti*, but has won the affections of every class, and whose truly admirable private character, marked by the greatest beneficence, has been fully equal to the public position she has attained as an artist. Hence has it arisen that when she left Berlin and Vienna, al-

though it was in the middle of the night, the population had assembled to bid her adieu, and drew her carriage beyond the gates of the city. When she left Stockholm, six weeks since, the quays were covered by her admiring countrymen; all the ships in the harbor were manned, and amidst the playing of the bands of music she was conducted to the steamer in which she embarked in the presence of the Queen of Sweden and her court."

Little can be said of the professional career of Mademoiselle Lind, from November, 1847 to November, 1848, except that her popularity was thoroughly sustained. In the spring of the last named year, she returned to England, re-appearing at Her Majesty's Theatre in London, on the 15th of May. The following is a brief notice of the events:

"Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's performance of *Amina*, in the *Sonnambula*, was received with the most rapturous demonstrations of applause. The universally recognized characteristics of her delineations are exquisite naturalness, graceful simplicity, and entire freedom from stage conventionalism. Her delivery of the slow movement in the last scene is one of the most poetical readings of that dramatic situation ever heard; and her delivery of the finale, replete with youthful buoyancy and breadth of effect. Her expression throughout the opera is all instinct with intelligence; her deportment is modest, frank, and unaffected; and her voice, in the upper notes, has wondrous power to charm; while her ornaments and embroideries are in the best possible taste."

On Thursday the 27th, she appeared in her popular part of *Lucia*. Some disturbance had been created in the house, but it was dispelled by Jenny's entrance, which was signalized by three hearty rounds of applause. A distinguished London critic thus notices her.

"She gave the recitative 'Ancor non giunge' with much skill, her sustained notes in the 'vieni mia vita' being very beautiful. Nothing could be more delicious than her vocalization in the largo; her series of shakes were splendidly executed in the caballets, and her high notes came out most brilliantly.

"The great point of Lind, in the second act, was in the contract scene; her shudder of horror after the fatal signature was a fine conception. The mad scene in the last act was the great attraction of the opera; the nervous twitches of Lind's face—her restless uneasy action—her voice soaring in the upper region, in wild strains of melancholy, constituted a charming picture; and she was twice called for at the close to receive ovations."

On the 3d of June she re-appeared as *Lucia*; the house being most brilliantly attended. She had been indisposed for a few

days, and the repetition of the opera had been put off in consequence.

From first to last she was received with continued acclamations. There are few lyric parts better adapted to Mademoiselle Lind's genius than this heroine of Sir Walter Scott's prolific muse. *Lucia* is full of those gentle, womanly characteristics that grace some other of the celebrated novelists' feminine delineations; and the Italian *librettist* has preserved them, in *Lucia*, in all their perfection. In the opening, something like the presentiment of a horrible picture is depicted; and Jenny Lind seemed to be imbued with the feelings of *Lucia*, on her first entrance: a gentle melancholy pervades her, and she seems to shrink from the proposition of *Edgar*, to address her brother for his consent to their union, with an instinctive horror. Her soothing of the wild passions of *Edgar* against her race was administered with consummate delicacy. In *Lucia* she is the heroine, and her portraiture is commenced, continued, and concluded with the highest finish of art. Before Mademoiselle Lind appeared in the part of *Lucia*, many other admirable singers had performed it, and excited great admiration. But whilst they had availed themselves of the allotted situations and music as the means of displaying vocal power in the abstract, and musical science, with executions that a fiddle player might envy, the sentiment and ample histrionic resources of the part had been suffered to remain quite latent.—So thoroughly convinced were the previous *prima donne*, who had impersonated *Lucia*, that the part was merely a vehicle for vocal display, or so much did they fear to encounter the dramatic difficulties by which it was beset, that whole pages of the most expressive dialogue, and music of the highest inspiration, had been suppressed. In the final scene—that of *Lucia's* madness—the whole vision of her imaginary bridal, the entire description of her internal throes, of her flitting thoughts and hallucinations, had been omitted. The scene was always reduced to the *andante* and *cabaletta*; and generally, the music, instead of being sung in the original, was transposed to a lower key. Mademoiselle Lind has restored this scene to the original key of F.

We cannot better conclude this notice of Jenny Lind's performance of *Lucia*, than by

the following extract from the *Illustrated London Times*:

‘Such thrilling effect, so breathless a sensation does the vision, as dramatically depicted by Jenny Lind, produce upon the audience; so essential does it appear, even in a musical point of view, to vary the impression on the ear, and complete the intention of the composer, that its omission for a single night would now excite the deepest indignation on the part of the audience. Mdlle Lind has demonstrated that, in this part, even on the Italian *librettist* has been reflected some of the deep original inspiration of the Wizard of the North; whilst Donizetti, a man of unquestionable genius, in music likewise himself a wizard, has evoked every resource he possessed in himself as well as in his art, duly to interpret the exquisite beauty of the original conception.

This has been rendered amply evident by Mdlle Lind's performance—by union of the histrionic with the musical element, as a real lyrical actress in her interpretation of *Lucia*. Her vocal execution, with exquisite shades of intonation and modulation, full of brilliant and original passages of embellishment, is still held in subservience to the dramatic portraiture. In the first scene she appears full of joy and expectation at the meeting of her lover; but you already trace that melancholy presentiment which overshadows the brightest hour of those predestined to misfortune. This is a condition essential in a poetical, and particularly in a dramatic point of view. Then follows the scene with her brother—her struggle between incredulity and conviction when the forged letter of her lover is shown to her, which, having read, she demands again. The gleam of hope, the agony of parting with its last vestige, are portrayed with heart-searching truth. More forcibly still is depicted the effect of her lover's malediction in the bridal scene, and there by her sudden wildness of expression she foreshadows her ultimate madness and the crushing of mind and heart which produce her death in the last act—the climax of her performance. There the flickering thoughts, the successive impressions of hallucination are all rendered in turn with the most startling and impressive effect. As she falls, the spectators are left thrilling in breathless silence—a marked pause is required by them to recover from the impression, and then arises a tempest of applause, and of enthusiasm unprecedented.

The same journal thus notices Mademoiselle Lind's appearance as *Adina*, in Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*:

‘On Thursday, for the extra night, Donizetti's popular comic opera, ‘*L'Elisir d'Amore*,’ was performed for the first time this season, with the attraction of Mdlle. Lind's first appearance in this country in this country as *Adina*. The house was crowded to excess in every part, and the opera went off with great *eclat*, there being no less than four

encores in the second act. The part of *Adina* exacts no display of violent emotion, it is that of a village coquette. Mdlle. Lind's spirit and vivacity carried her through very successfully. She was called for at the end of the first act, and at the termination of the opera twice. Her singing of the largo 'Prendi; per me sei liben,' was exquisitely beautiful."

But probably the most interesting performance that Mademoiselle Lind gave about this time was the concert in aid of the hospital for consumption, at Brompton, which is thus alluded to by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in the *Art Journal* :—

"It was announced by Mr. S. C. Hall at the University meeting of patrons and supporters of 'the Hospital for Cure of Consumption,' that it is the intention of this accomplished lady to give a concert for the benefit of the Charity, some time towards the close of the season. We have so often advocated, in our columns, the cause of this Hospital that it is unnecessary to detail its claims. Although about seventy patients are now received within its walls, and 'out-door' relief is afforded to hundreds daily, its means are sadly disproportionate to its wants; the object of Miss Lind is to assist in building an additional wing, to which her considerate generosity cannot fail to contribute largely. In her own country the genius of this lady has greatly aided many valuable charities; some, indeed, it has entirely sustained; we rejoice that she will leave here a record of her sympathy with the cause of the distressed. There are in London numerous persons who, entertaining objections to visit a theatre, have been unable to hear her marvellous voice; the concert to which we refer will afford to all such a means of intense enjoyment—probably the only opportunity of which they will be enabled to avail themselves. They will not be as much gratified while merely hearing her sing, as they would be when hearing her sing and seeing her act, for her powers as an actress are of the loftiest order; it is, indeed, impossible to imagine the art—if so it must be called—in greater perfection. In her it is mature; she is, in reality, for the time that which she appears; and in each of her characters she is, consequently, a fine study for the artist. It is something, too, that her whole professional career has been in the highest degree honorable; those who know her in private life speak of her with enthusiasm, because of qualities of mind and disposition pre-eminently good—of her domestic habits and those gentler virtues that seek indulgences and rewards apart from crowds. Perhaps a woman more unspoiled by adulation never existed; genius is but one of her many rare gifts, and it is not too much to say, she values most those who most excite affection and respect; humble in all her aims, desires, and hopes. It is but right to add that the wife of Miss Lind, in reference to this charity,

have been met in the most cordial and liberal spirit by Mr. Lumley, who has placed the concert room of the opera and all its appliances at her control.

"The concert, which took place on the 31st day of July, was entirely free of all cost to the Hospital; but Miss Lind having taken the entire responsibility, the concert produced a sum far beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine; and, in consequence of this increased aid, the new wing of the building will be very soon proceeded with; there are now seventy-four patients in the Hospital; but it is intended for two hundred and fifty. The Hospital is, as most of our readers know, a very beautiful structure—in the true old English style. When complete it will be one of the chief architectural ornaments of the Metropolis.

The concert-room was "full to overflowing;" it was capable of containing 1000 persons seated; a thousand tickets were sold and fifty in addition for standing room: of these 1000, there were about 250 in the boxes, which were all let at ten guineas each: and nearly 600 tickets were disposed of at two guineas each; to "reserved seats." Among the audience were many clergymen and others who do not, upon principle, visit theatres, and who gladly availed themselves of that opportunity to enjoy a rare musical treat. The gratitude of the committee who conduct the affairs of the Hospital, has been conveyed to Miss Lind; and we have reason to know she has received exceeding pleasure from the announcement to name after her the first ward that shall be built in the new wing—which her generous assistance will enable them now to carry forward. The committee, farther subscribed together a sufficient sum to procure a beautiful salver of silver—manufactured by Messrs. Smith, of Duke Street—upon which they engraved a picture of the Hospital:—finishing up the centre and west wing, now occupied, but leaving in skeleton lines the eastern wing, not yet in existence, but which (as we have intimated) will ere long be added to complete the structure. The engraving was followed by this inscription:—

"In the name of the sufferers relieved by her bounty, this humble memorial of one of her noble actions is presented to Jenny Lind, by the Committee of Management of the Hospital for Consumption, at Brompton, London, as a slight token of their esteem and gratitude, and in commemoration of the concert given by her on the 31st day of June, 1848. On which occasion, through the exertion of her unrivaled talents, £1,766 were added to the funds of the charity, and a solid foundation laid for completing the fabric—the unfinished condition of which had attracted her generous sympathy."

The salver was presented to Miss Lind by a deputation of the committee: she expressed her thanks warmly—in good English—and her great pleasure that she had been the means of aiding a charity which she considered the best, as well as the most needed, of



LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

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all the many charities of England. It is not the least gratifying part of this affair, that soon after visiting the hospital, and examining the whole of its arrangements with care, she was called upon to recommend to its protection a young countryman of her own, who had manifested indications of consumption: and to whom of course, all the comforts and advantages of the hospital will be gladly and gratefully rendered.

Another benevolent act, though in a more private manner, was made known by the recipient, Signorina Solari.

This lady, in a violent effort at some concert, broke a blood vessel, and was ordered by her physician immediately to the South of France, as the only chance for life. Having no reliance but her voice for a livelihood, she was in the greatest despair, when in the midst of her hurried preparations for departure, the carriage of Jenny Lind stopped at her door. "I have come to quarrel with you, naughty child," she said. "You told me nothing of this, and might have chanced to go away without my seeing you. You will want money. Take this (giving her two notes of a hundred pounds each) and remember, wherever you are, that friends have but one purse. God bless you."

Frequently has she been known to pass almost unnoticed from her residence, as if to make a visit, has been traced into the back lanes and cottages of the poor, ascertaining and relieving their wants. Several times, indeed, she has been warned by her more intimate friends to avoid so much liberality, as that which she has been in the constant habit of exercising, as many received her bounty who were totally unworthy of it; but she would reply, "Never mind; if I relieve ten, and one is worthy, I am satisfied."

It may not be out of place to relate the following interview between Jenny Lind and the once celebrated Catalani.

A few days before her death, while she was sitting in her saloon, without any presentiment of her approaching end, she received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, 'I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women; bless me, madam, I am Jenny Lind!' Madam Catalini, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview they parted, each to pursue her appointed path—the one to close her eyes with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

On the 24th of August Her Majesty's Theatre closed for the season; Jenny Lind appearing once more as *Amina*. On the following Saturday morning she sung in a concert given in the saloon of the theatre, for the benefit of the chorus singers, assisted by Thalberg and other *artistes*.

The operatic and concert tour undertaken by Md'le. Lind, in conjunction with M. Roger, of the Royal Italian Opera, Belletti, Signor F. Lablache, and Mr. Balfe, began at Birmingham on Monday, Sept. 5. On the 7th they performed at Liverpool; on the 9th and 11th at Manchester; on the 14th at Hull; on the 18th at York; and at Newcastle on the 28th. Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Cheltenham, Leamington, Clifton, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, Nottingham, Oxford, Cambridge, Brighton, and other towns were added to the list of those visited by this delightful *cantatrice*.

In September Mademoiselle Jenny Lind appeared at Brighton in the *Sonnambula* and the *Figlia del Reggimento*, assisted by M. Roger, Signors F. Lablache and Belletti. In that fashionable watering place she was, as in other towns, followed by thousands.

She visited Glasgow in the early part of October, and though the "gude" people of that city are not proverbially noted for their enthusiasm, or their respect for public performers, the operatic displays of Jenny Lind were well attended, and she warmly applauded. The price of admission were twenty-five gale" proceeded to Dublin: by the warm-hearted inhabitants of which beautiful city, it was but natural for her to expect a kindly welcome. But any anticipation she may have formed on the subject was more than realized. When it was known that the interesting foreigner was to visit the Irish capital, nothing was heard but her name and the expressed desire to hear her. Even the trials, with their probable results, ceased to be thought of for a time.

While Mademoiselle Lind was in Dublin, she gave two concerts for the benefit of the poor, each of which realized £1600. The Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant, paid her much attention, and invited her to his table at the castle.

We make an extract from the *Freeman's Journal* of October the 10th, descriptive of the sensation created in Dublin by Mademoiselle Lind:—

"Yesterday morning the box office of the

Theatre Royal was opened, for the purpose of giving the public an opportunity of selecting places in the house, in order to hear the 'Swedish Nightingale.' There was downright positive excitement manifested—nearly as much as though the "charmer" herself were present. We have not beheld the like for a long time. As early as ten o'clock, carriages, gigs, and other vehicles drove from all directions toward the Talbot Arcade, and not only Hawkins street, but the square in front of the theatre, soon became crowded. The Arcade itself was thronged with human beings, young ladies—aye, and old ladies too—were prominent in the crowd. They did not complain in the least of the pushing and crushing they received. The fact is, the scene could not be likened to any thing we know of. Men came out of the box office, with smiling faces and torn coats (black frock and dress,) not thinking of the garments at all but looking with complacency at their tickets and envied by their less fortunate neighbors, who could not get in to pay their several thirty shillings for as many box seats. Altogether it was laughable to see the eagerness with which the crowd pressed forward, to secure places. Some policemen were present to keep order (?), and the parties who paid thirty shillings to the boxes, and five shillings to the gallery.

During October the "Swedish Nightingale" procured a ticket or tickets, had to retire through another door, and let his next neighbor take up his position before our old friend Mr. Barry, the box-keeper. The theatre has been measured from pit to gallery, and eighteen tickets allowed for each seat. The seats have all been numbered, and the persons taking tickets received corresponding numbers, so that no inconvenience, annoyance, or disappointment can occur, as each ticket holder will be shown to the seat corresponding to the number. The side passages and the pit have been supplied with seats, and the exact number of seats will be disposed of, so that no crush will be experienced by the visitors, who have paid to hear the gifted vocalist, whose visit has roused such a sensation among the play going people of our city."

In the early part of November, a concert was given at the Town-Hall, Birmingham, at which Mdlle. Lind, M. Roger, Signori F. Lablache, and Belletti, sang—Balfé being the

conductor. A concert was also given at the Victoria Rooms, Southampton, the tickets being a guinea and a half, each; and she sang at the Town-Hall in Brighton, and gave a second and last concert at Bristol. Shortly afterwards, Mademoiselle Lind sang at two concerts at Manchester, in aid of the funds of the Royal Infirmary; all tickets having been sold some days previously. In consideration of her liberal services on that occasion, the people of Manchester presented her with a superb dressing case, elegantly fitted with silver requisites. On the plate of silver was engraved the following inscription, "To Mademoiselle Lind, through whose gratuitous exertions, the munificent sum of £2512 pounds were realized, towards the erection of an additional wing to the Manchester Infirmary, this Dressing Case, with the accompanying necklace of pearls, is presented by the people, as a sincere token of gratitude for her generous services, and with their best wishes for her welfare and happiness.

In December, the venerable city of Norwich was favored by Jenny Lind's presence. While there she appeared at three concerts, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm. On her passage to and from St. Andrew's Hall, in which the concerts were held, and when she visited several of the charitable institutions of the city, her carriage was followed by crowds of persons, who cheered her heartily. The concerts took place on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and Saturday morning. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. C. F. Hall, late one of the leaders of the Drury Lane band. Mr. Balfé was the conductor, and Madame and Signor F. Lablache, and Signor Gardoni, were the vocalists in addition to Mdlle. Lind. About 6000 persons attended the three concerts; the receipts amounted to about £3500, out of which Messrs. C. F. Hall and George Smith, the gentlemen who got up the concerts, will net £1400. After her brilliant reception at Norwich, the Swedish Nightingale sang on Monday at Bristol, and on Tuesday at Bath, with her customary triumphs. She received £600 for these two concerts, and refused £1000 for two concerts at Dublin, that were to have been given at the same time as the above.

While at Norwich, Jenny Lind was domesticated in the Episcopal Palace, and frequently accompanied the excellent Bishop

and his family in their rides and drives, and on the occasion of divine service in the Cathedral. Some persons, insensible to the divine influences of music, and who, in the narrowness of their conceptions, allied the functions of a public singer with something profane, affected great horror at this. Others better constituted, congratulated the prelate on the propriety of his conduct. They saw in him a priest—no more; in the Swedish songstress, a priestess—no less. The tendencies of genius like hers are truly religious—a fact the thousands who had heard her could attest.

Before her departure from Norwich, Mademoiselle Lind was waited upon by a committee of gentlemen, who begged her acceptance of a beautiful shawl, and some other articles of Norwich manufacture. She graciously received the presents, and afterwards delighted the company by singing three songs.

On leaving Norwich, she was presented by the Bishop with a magnificent Bible in commemoration of her visit, and the Mayor, in behalf of the city, waited on and presented her thanks for her great benevolence and a beautifully illustrated and elegantly bound copy of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with which Jenny seemed delighted. At Birmingham, in aid of the Queens Hospital, the receipts amounted to £1298, which made an aggregate of more than £12,000 contributed to charitable purposes through the agency of Jenny Lind in two months. The committee of the Hospital presented her with a cabinet of the choicest workmanship, the ground being rich maroon inlaid with silver, with most elegantly painted Watteau compartments, filled in with gold and pearl; it contains work-box, writing desk, jewel case, folio pocket, and secret compartments elegantly engraved. The cabinet was enclosed in a magnificent rosewood case lined with velvet.

A short time previously, she had sung at Liverpool, in aid of the hospitals, by which £1200 were realized. In the course of the evening, the president and committee presented an address to the singer, thanking her for her kindness.

Mademoiselle Lind gave at Leeds, a gratuitous concert, for the benefit of the Conductor and Band who accompanied her during her tour; a very handsome sum was thereby realized.

The following criticism on the performance at Exeter Hall, London, in connection with the Mendelssohn Scholarships, will be found interesting.

"The assemblage of vocal and instrumental talent at the performance of Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' at Exeter Hall, was greater than at any previous interpretation of that sublime oratorio. The hall was brilliantly and fashionably attended; including the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Princess Mary of Cambridge, the Prince and Princess of Hohenlohe, the Hanoverian and Prussian Ministers, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Norwich, &c.

"The band comprised upwards of one hundred first-rate players, with Saiton and Tolbecque as principal violins. The chorus consisted of two hundred members of the Sacred Harmonic Society; two hundred professional choristers, including the boys from the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, &c., one hundred and fifty from Hullah's Singing Classes, and thirty pupils from the Royal Academy of Music.—In the aggregate, there were not far short of seven hundred executants: Benedict, as the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, being the conductor.

At the head of the leading vocalists was Mdlle Lind, who, with that alacrity she always displays to aid in a benevolent purpose, had offered her gratuitous services. Miss A. Williams, Miss M. Williams, Mrs. Noble, (late Miss Duval,) Mr. Lockey, Mr. J. A. Novello, Mr. Benson, and Mr. Machin were the other principal singers.

The absorbing attraction was Mdlle Jenny Lind's first appearance to sing in a sacred work, and in the English language. Her accent is excellent, and nothing could be more distinct than her enunciation. She sang nine times, beginning, in the first part, with the double quartet 'For he shall give his angels,' next in the recitative and duet 'Give me thy son,' and thirdly in the quartet 'Cast thy burden.' In the second part, she opened with the air in B minor 'Hear ye, Israel,' then in the trio 'Lift thine eyes,' next in the recitative 'Night failleth,' again in the quartet 'Holy, holy,' and, finally, in the recitative 'Behold! God hath sent,' and in the quartet 'Oh! come every one.'

"It reflects the greatest credit on the musical judgment and taste of Mdlle. Lind that she in no one instance departed from the text of the composer; as Mendelssohn has noted down his inspirations, so did Mdlle Lind conscientiously and zealously interpret them, without the slightest introduction of a cadence or grace to secure any artificial effect. Her meritorious reading of the soprano part entitled her to the warmest acknowledgments of the musician and amateur, but there were delicious gems in the vocalisation, particularly in the concerted pieces. In the quartet 'Holy, holy,' she led off on the high notes

with astonishing steadiness, and held on them throughout with a sustaining power that quite electrified the auditory, and secured for the piece an unanimous encore, which was bestowed on the trio, 'Lift thine eyes.'

The following letter written about this time by the American correspondent already quoted is too interesting to be omitted.

LONDON, Thursday, Feb. 22, 1849.

"In the summer of 1847, I had the pleasure, for the first time, of hearing that Queen of Song, JENNY LIND. You may remember the incident, as having made the subject of one of my letters. I now take the pleasure, and a most exquisite sensation it is—of recording my second impression of the beautiful songstress, and of informing you that, despite of the revolutions, and revolutionary tendencies of the day, she still continues "in power." Nearly every *other* Sovereign in Europe has been either deposed, or threatened with deposition, during the last two years; but her subjects increase, alike in number and fidelity with every passing hour.

The moon does not sway the tides of the ocean with a more certain or subtle influence than that with which the Swedish Sovereign of Song sways the tides of human sympathy. To see her, last evening, as she came modestly upon the stage, and poured forth her stream of chrystral melody into the listening ears of the vast audience at her feet, was to witness one of the most interesting spectacles which human nature ever exhibits. Every soul in her sublime presence was moved to its depths. There was music in her every motion and look; and before her tremulous lips had power to part, it seemed as if a flood of harmony, swelling up from her great nature, had passed into every heart. The silence of the crowded hall was miraculous. The "sea of upturned faces," though trembling with emotion, radiant with light, uttered no whisper of joy, but seemed awed by a mysterious spell, into an absolute and infinite calm.

"It was several moments after the appearance of the enchantress, before her voice was heard, and then it came so quietly, and in such subdued strains, that it seemed like the beautiful silence itself set to music. The words were from "The Creation," as follows, and were sung in as clear, and well articulated English, as you ever heard from Abby Hutchinson. Mark how the summer-scented breath of this poem is in keeping with such a nature as Jenny Lind's.

"With verdure clad the fields appear,
Delighted to the ravished sense;
By flowers sweet and gay
Enhanced is the charming sight,
Here breathe their sweets the fragrant herbs,
Here shoots the healing plant;
By loads of fruit the expanded boughs are pressed;
To shady vaults are bent the tufted groves;
The mountain's brow is crowned with closed wood."

The execution of these simple lines were so natural and sweet that when the last note had fallen, like 'a flower sweet and gay,'

upon the heart of the audience, and the rapt singer had passed, like a vision, from our sight, it was some seconds before it occurred to any one to manifest the slightest outward applause. But, if I mistake not the nature of Jenny Lind, she knows full well that the deepest emotions of the heart are far too noble to be expressed by any species of noise.

The next song was,

ARIA.

'*Ach, Ich Fühl, es ist Verschwunden.*'

It was translated in English, however, and like its predecessor, sung with a perfect absence of all foreign accent. Here are the words. Would I could send you the voice which accompanied them!

'Ah, I feel that joy will never
Light this heart so cold, so lone;
Hope is lost to me forever;
Peace, contentment, all are gone.'

'If there be no bright to-morrow,
If in vain I weep and sigh,
Ah! in pity to my sorrow
Be it mine at once to die.'

The nature of this song called for more intensity of expression than the pastoral poem which preceded, and you may be sure it was executed accordingly. I never before was present at such an exhibition of musical power. No words can give you any idea of it.—The song must have answered to some experience of Jenny Lind, else she had never given it with such effect. It was not only her pathetic voice, breaking wildly into the air and coining it into the 'discordant melody' of a broken heart; it was not simply that which made every nerve in us thrill, but it was the whole expression of her face, and every movement of her form. Her dark blue eye, but a moment since clothing every feature in a drapery of light, gradually became sunken and shaded until all brightness had passed from her face, and it seemed as if overcome by the dark clouds of spiritual night. I am sure she is a woman "of sorrows and acquainted with grief." I thought so when I first saw her. In repose, her countenance is not only simple, and sad, but severely thoughtful, and care-worn. Now and then a sweet light—the light of an innocent heart—breaks like a beam of day over her fine countenance, but its prevailing tone is that of an abiding melancholy. Her first gaze upon a crowded audience is wild and wandering, but presently her pale eye-lids drop, and it seems as if she had resolved to obey the injunction of the good Herbert, and

"In time of service shut up both her eyes
And send them to her heart."

Depend on it, that if ever the life of Jenny Lind is ever truly written, it will reveal "an ower sad tale." I could see that a perceptible "change" had "passed o'er the spirit of her dream," even since 1847. It is said she is about to be married. I hope the saying is true, but I doubt it. Such spirits seldom marry on Earth, and in Heaven "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage." She may,

like Fanny Kemble, get united by the lock of a legal wedding, but it will not be the wedlock of the heart, but the merest and most heartless form. If she marries an English Prince, Peer, or Priest, it will be called a good marriage in this country; but if she marries a Swedish Peasant—though his nature be greater, and his love deeper, than Prince, Peer, or Priest is capable of—it will be called a bad marriage. Rumor says she is to marry an English Priest. If so, "the Lord have mercy on her soul!" But I digress.

The last song which we had from Jenny Lind, at the concert under notice, was a new one, and here it is, called

THE LONELY ROSE.

A Rose grazed from her bower green,
Upon the Summer night,
And never had creation seen,
A flower so fine and bright.
Her modest form, so soft, so meek,
With morning radiance dyed,
Beamed like the lovely blushing cheek
Of a young village bride.

But soon a storm, dark o'er the vale,
Its mountain fury shed,
And, shrouded in the night pale,
The lonely Rose lay dead.
And so it is a gentle mind
Sinks under sorrows dart;
The storm may pass, but leaves behind
Too oft a blighted heart.

This too, being a plaintive song, was sung with great power, and moved the heart of the gathered people, as the sea is moved by a storm. It was striking to observe the changes of expression which passed over Jenny Lind's face as she sung these words: when she sung of

"The lovely blushing cheek
Of the young village bride,"

her own cheeks were suddenly suffused with a ruddy glow as of some early, yet a moment since forgotten memory; but the bloom had scarcely met our eye before it faded away as if forever, and from pallid lips we heard of the "storm dark o'er the vale," and of

"The gentle mind, which leaves behind,
Too oft a blighted heart!"

I have much more I should like to add about Jenny Lind, but I am pressed for time. She is making herself very dear to the English people by her acts of benevolence, which are said to increase in number and extent every day. Surely she deserves, and surely she shall enjoy, a serene and happy life. The blessing of thousands is falling upon her like the morning dew, while the consciousness of a pure life enables her to bear with a fortitude otherwise impossible, all the sorrows of earth.

About the last of March and first of April, Mademoiselle Jenny Lind sung respectively at Cambridge, Plymouth and Buckingham Palace. Perhaps these occurrences are worthy of note, more out of relation to the diversity of the audience before whom she then appeared, than to anything else. But the singer's triumphs were equal in each place.

The trading and seafaring community of the one, and the solemn University dignitaries of the other, were alike susceptible to the "Nightingale's" sweetness; as were the accomplished and distinguished personages who formed the royal circle at the English Queen's Palace.

The lovers of music, native and foreign, who happened to be in London at this time, will not soon forget the concert given by the Swedish cantatrice at Exeter Hall. It was indeed a splendid display of artistic genius, while the spectacle of rank, fashion and beauty it called forth, was such as is not often witnessed. Subjoined are the details:

"The Concert given by Mdlle. Lind at Exeter Hall, was fully and fashionably attended. Her Majesty and Prince Albert honored the performance with their presence, and were most loyally received, the "National Anthem" being performed, Mdlle. Lind singing the first verse simply and energetically. In the reserved seats, the Duke of Wellington, accompanied by the Marchioness of Douro and Miss Burdett Coutts, was recognised and much cheered. Benedict was the conductor, and had collected a very superb orchestra of about 130 performers, with Sainton as first violin, Lindley as first violin-cello, and Howett as first double bass: there were also Roussetot, Lucas, Phillips, Hausmann, Blagrove, Hill, Hughes, Nadaud, Tolbeeque, Barret, G. Cooke, Baumann, Prosperi, Ciolfi, Harper, Williams, Jarrett, Platt, and other distinguished instrumentalists.

"The choral strength was judiciously selected from the professional bodies, and the London Sacred Harmonic Society. Altogether, there was an effective ensemble; and the execution of the Coronation Anthem of Handel, "Zadoc, the Priest," at once proved that there was quality as well as quantity.—This piece was followed by Handel's bravura song, from "Samson," "Let the bright seraphim," cleverly sung by Mdlle. Lind, with the trumpet accompaniment superbly played by T. Harper, jr. But it was reserved for Haydn's "Creation," to develop the great powers of Mdlle. Lind in the sacred school, and, as in the "Elijah" of Mendelschon, she made a great impression on her auditory.—She sustained the whole of the music allotted to the soprano in the "Creation," and she did this with untiring force, for at the conclusion she sang with much more effect than at the commencement. Her first solo was "The marvellous wish." The air is admirably adapted for her exquisite upper notes, and she ascended to the C in alt, and sustained it, beautifully in tune. Her next display was in the air "With verdure clad," which she has sung at the concerts of Mdlme. Dulcken and Balfe. It is not so conveniently noted for her register as the other portions of the

oratorio; but she sang it with a delicate appreciation of the composer's intentions.

"In the second part she had the air 'On mighty pens,' and a magnificent reading she gave of this elegant inspiration. She introduced a novel effect, by the holding note on the first syllable of the word 'cooing'; nothing could be more captivating than this new reading, with which Haydn himself would have been enchanted. Her vocalisation in this air illustrated the words 'From every bush and grove resounds the nightingale's delightful notes.' The remainder of the soprano part is in the concerted pieces. It was in the two duos in the concluding part, 'By thee with bliss,' and the 'Graceful consort,' that Mdlle. Lind crowned her successful evening's exertions by an extraordinary achievement, especially in the last-mentioned duo, into which she imparted a warmth and tenderness that won immense plaudits from the auditory. Mdlle. Lind has sung in this oratorio at the Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1846, of which the late Mendelssohn was the conductor. Her pronunciation of the English, on this occasion, was excellent, and may serve as a model even to our native singers.

"The proceeds of this concert, after deducting the expenses, it is calculated, will give upwards of £700 to the Royal Society of Musicians, the Choral Fund, the Society of Female Musicians, and the Governess Institution; for it was for the benefit of those admirable institutions that Mdlle. Lind has afforded her gratuitous services; and it must be highly gratifying to her feelings to find that the musical public has so liberally responded to her charitable appeal."

The same authority thus speaks of Mademoiselle Lind, on the occasion of her gratuitous appearance at Exeter Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Balfé, the celebrated composer, in acknowledgment of his able and zealous services during her provincial tour since the close of the last opera season:

"Mdlle. Lind was 'the observed of all observers.' Her first piece was the scena from the 'Nozze di Figaro,' containing the beautiful air, 'Deh vieni, non tardar.' This was the finest thing she sang, but it was not her most successful performance. Her next air, the famous 'Casta Diva,' from 'Norma,' evidently made a stronger impression. It was indeed a stream of the most enchanting melody, uttered in tones as soft and silvery as the beams of the planet to which this touching invocation is addressed. The trio for the voice and two flutes, from Meyerbeer's opera of 'Vielka,' concluded the first part of the concert. In this piece, the voice is literally converted into an instrument, and contends with the two flutes in a profusion of passages, divisions, roulades, and trills, blended and interwoven with each other with a complexity sufficient to puzzle a skilful instrumentalist; yet Jenny Lind not only eclipses the flute players in clear, brilliant and articu-

late execution, and in the facility with which she reaches the highest regions of the scale, but in imperturbable steadiness of time, and in the precision with which every response and point of imitation is taken. In the second part of the concert, Jenny Lind sang with Lablache, the well-known Jaffo duett, "Com pazienza," in which a pupil goes through, to her master, a variety of exercises in singing: we have never heard it sung with such facility and grace as by Jenny Lind; and she does it, too, with delightful *accents* and archness. She concluded by singing a new English ballad, composed for her by Balfé, called 'The Lonely Rose,' a pretty trifle, to which she gave great interest by her elegant and expressive performance, and especially by her beautiful delivery of the words. It is almost unnecessary to say that her performances were received with enthusiasm which went on *crescendo* during the evening."

On the evening of Thursday, the 12th of April, the first of a series of "Grand Classical Lind Concerts," as they were called, was given at the London Opera House. The stage was arranged as on the occasion of an oratorio, the chorus singers being seated on raised platforms, and the principals being placed on chairs, in front of the foot lights.—When Mdlle. Lind was conducted on the stage by Lablache, there was a general burst of cheering. The Concert then commenced with the overture to *Il Flauto Magico*.—There was no regular distribution of parts; and the *artistes* sang alternately the various pieces. Mdlle. Lind took the soprano portions which, in the opera, are assigned to *Pamina* and the *Queen of Night*, the mother. Thus she sang in the first part the difficult air, *Non pauntar*; and in the second, the air, *Ah! la so piu non m' avanza*; and was rapturously encored in both compositions. In the former she took the bravura passages with surpassing skill, and ascended to the F in alt; for Mozart had actually, for a particular singer in his day, written up to that astonishing note in the upper octave of the soprano. The vocalization of Mademoiselle Lind in the last air was perfection; she articulated her shake, *sotto voce* deliciously. The terzettos were sung by Mademoiselle Lind and the Misses A. and M. Williams, on the one side, and Grimaldi, Mademoiselles Polonini and Casolani, in the other portions. Bordas and Bartolini, a new tenor, divided the tenor music; and Lablache, Coletti, Belletti and Arnoldi, the bass solos. Coletti was encored in *Qui Silegno*. The want of dramatic ac-

tion rendered the concert somewhat heavy, but the culminating point of attraction was Lind, and she delighted her auditory as usual.

With reference to the concert given at Exeter Hall, in aid of the funds of the four musical charities, we may remark that Mademoiselle Lind added £100 to the £700 cleared, so that each institution should receive the equal apportionment of £200.—About the same date she gave a concert at Manchester, in behalf of the Royal Infirmary; the proceeds of which were £2772, 7s. 6d.—She also sang at Liverpool, Huddersfield, Chester, Shrewsbury, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Derby, for public charities. At Shrewsbury and Chester the sale of tickets had to be stopped in the morning, so great was the enthusiasm.

While the singer was in the zenith of her glory, admired for her genius, and beloved for her qualities of heart, there arose a sudden rumor that she was about to suspend forever her dramatic performances.

At first it was generally discredited, for persons are not willing to believe the most positive truth, when it militates against their interest or their happiness. The probabilities were discussed by all classes, and every where; for the charming Jenny, unlike the majority of opera singers, was a popular favorite. So wide spread had been her fame, so indisputable her talent, that thousands who before did not know the locality of the London Opera House, and, if they were aware of its existence at all, only allied it with the idea of displays which, to them at least, would prove "stale, flat, and unprofitable," had, innoculated with the mania that first arose in royal and aristocratic circles, positively made a sacrifice to hear the foreign singer. From the Queen in her drawing-room at Buckingham Palace, to the small chandler's wife in her dingy back parlour, in Drury Lane, the question of Jenny Lind's retirement from the stage was the theme of conversation. Politics even played second fiddle with the frequenters of the Club and Coffee-houses; and go wherever you might, your ears were sure to be saluted with the euphonious syllables, "Jenny Lind."

A high critical authority thus spoke on the occasion :

" Little did those, the most learned in dis-

cerning the flickering lights and shades of theatrical enterprise, dream last year that this season there should be such a night when public curiosity would be more piqued as regards Jenny Lind, and the 'Sonnambula,' perhaps the best, and also the most frequently repeated, of her parts, more attractive than ever it was to the public. Now, indeed, every one without as well as within must feel how much increased curiosity and interest must be; months having been spent in speculation upon the retirement of Jenny Lind from the stage, the topic, *ad nauseam*, during this lapse of time, of every journal, of every coffee-house, and every fireside.

" The eagerness to behold the great Swedish vocalist is the greater, as no one knows, up to this moment, whether she retires this year or next—whether she will sing six nights, as agreed to, or unto the remainder of the season. What may be most justly observed is, that Mdlle. Lind has done that which was wise and just in returning to the stage for a few nights, at all events; and this entirely setting aside the interests of the great establishment, which had suffered injury from her withdrawal in exact proportion to its devotion to her. She was born on the stage,—on the stage she acquired her fame and fortune,—on the stage she gave the most useful example of moral conduct, and through the stage she alone acquired means of beneficence.

" On the opening of the doors there was a headlong rush of the well-dressed crowd, never seen anywhere before Jenny Lind's nights. On the entrance of the great vocalist, there was that applause, that cheering and enthusiasm expressed in all possible manners, such as, before her arrival in England, was never witnessed at any theatre. Her voice was in its highest perfection; every phrase drew forth the whispered utterance, at least, of general delight. After the first act Mdlle. Lind was called for, but she did not come; still the applause lasted ten minutes at least. At the close of the next act, and at the final fall of the curtain, the enthusiasm knew no bounds, and the cantatrice was obliged to obey the call from all parts of the house. She appeared before the curtain, when she was hailed by renewed plaudits and the showering of bouquets.

Another London paper thus notices this event :

In spite of war and rumors of war, and the generally unsettled state of public affairs, the London lovers of music and patrons of the Italian Opera are kept in perpetual excitement. The gentle Swede is not yet married, nor has she disappeared from the stage. On the latter subject she has changed her mind—possibly on the former, though we do not pretend to be informed. At any rate, she reappeared at the Queen's Theatre on Thursday the 26th ult., giving rise to such a *furore* as is rarely witnessed.

Any one who had chanced to pass up the

Haymarket yesterday evening, between five and six, would have at once perceived that Jenny Lind had returned to the stage. Nothing short of such an occurrence could have assembled, at that early hour, such crowds of seekers for admission at the pit and gallery doors of Her Majesty's Theatre. There were at that time—that is to say, nearly two hours before the time fixed for opening the doors—at least twice as many persons assembled as the pit and gallery could accommodate. The crowd continued to increase every minute, until the time fixed for the opening of the doors, and then the crush—we remember the crush on the memorable 4th of May, 1847 when Jenny made her *debut* in the character of Alice; we remember the many subsequent crushes on every Jenny Lind night for the last two seasons, but never have we experienced such a crush as that of last night? The *Sonnambula* was the opera chosen for the occasion, and when Jenny Lind appeared as Amina, looking the simple, artless, warm-hearted country maiden, as she alone can look it, the whole house "rose" at her, as Kean was wont to say; never was there such a—reception is not the word, it was the cordial meeting of friends rather than a dramatic reception;—such a warm-hearted welcome—such a burst of almost affectionate enthusiasm as that with which she was greeted. She seemed deeply affected, and her lips moved tremulously as though to give expression to her acknowledgments. To dilate upon her performance of Amina, would be, indeed, "to gild refined gold." She is far and away the very best Amina that has ever appeared, and Amina is one of the very best of her characters, and the character she has most frequently repeated in this country, and never did she surpass, we doubt whether she ever equalled, her performance of last evening. The scene with the Count was a charming piece of rustic coquetry, a most fascinating mixture of simplicity and timidity, and the concluding scenes were masterpieces of pathos. She was in excellent voice, and sung the music deliciously. The finale was a glorious triumph; she seemed to revel in her daring flights, and to create difficulties only to show how easily she could overcome them. She was called for at the conclusion of the first act, a compliment richly merited by the exquisitely beautiful manner in which she had rendered the sonnambulist scene, and three times at the conclusion of the opera, when she was again greeted with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and *bouquets à foison* were showered on her."

The *Times* of the 27th ult. thus speaks of her triumphant reception :

"The scene presented in the Haymarket yesterday evening on the opening of the Opera doors was fully equal to that of the 4th of May, 1847, when Mademoiselle Lind first made her *debut* in London. Anxious groups were similarly placed about the Col-

onnade watching the arrival of the long string of carriages, and the visit of Her Majesty to the theatre increased, if possible, the general excitement.

Immediately the doors were opened the pit and gallery were crammed to suffocation.—The stalls and boxes were more gradually, but not less steadily filled, and before the curtain rose the whole theatre was occupied.—The reception of Mademoiselle Jenny Lind, the shouts of applause which arose on every side, and the waving of handkerchiefs, were an indication that the enthusiasm which has held the public for two seasons is still in full force. The belief that Mademoiselle Lind had retired from the stage, and intended to sing in concerts only, which, after all, are but a frigid recreation as far as the *habitudes* of the opera are concerned, gave the significance of a *debut* to the reappearance last night.—There was something like the delight which is felt at the recovery of a lost child in the greeting with which the public received Mademoiselle Lind.

And she came back to them in the fullest possession of those qualities which have made her immense reputation. There is no occasion to dilate on her performance of Amina in *La Sonnambula*, for if there is any one character in her *repertoire* which has lived in the memory of the London public that is the part. But last night it seemed as if her voice had even improved, and as if she had acquired a more perfect command over her resources. Those high notes, so unrivaled in sweetness, and admitting the finest attenuation without losing a particle of their value, seemed to vibrate through the house with a clearness hitherto unknown. The *sotto voce* shake, which was always her favorite expedient, appeared more delicate than ever, and excited the old applause. In her ornaments she displayed new means of effect, and surprised her audience by the facility and brilliancy of her execution. Her acting was marked by that perfect identity with the character she represents which has always rendered her Amina one of the most remarkable impersonations on the stage. Her simplicity as the happy village girl, her manner, half delighted, half terrified, when she is rather pleased by the compliments of the Count, and at the same time frightened that they should arouse the jealousy of Elvino, and her deep distress when loaded with the weight of an imaginary guilt, are as forcibly delineated as ever."

To these may be added the testimony of an acute observer, and merry chronicler, though he does not refer to the leave-taking.

"*MR. PIR'S, HIS DIARY.*—Saturday, May 5, 1849.—To the Queen's House in the Haymarket to hear Jenny Lind, whom every body do call the Swedish Nightingale. Did go with a pit ticket. Went at 6 P. M., expecting a Crowd, and there a Mob of People already at the doors, and some did say they had come as early as Five. Got as close as I



IL MASANDIERI

could to the Pit Entrance, and the Throng increasing; and by-and-by Ladies in their Opera dresses standing without their Bonnets in the Street. Many of them between the Carriage Wheels and under the Horses' Heads; and methinks I did never see more Carriages together in my Life. At last the Doors open; which did begin to fear they never would, and I in with the Press, a most terrible Crush, and the Ladies screaming and their Dresses torn in the Scramble, wherefore, I thought it a good Job that my wife was not with me.

With much ado into the Pit, the way being stopped by a snob in a green jockey coat, and bird's eye neckcloth, that the Checktak-ers would not suffer to pass. The pit full in a twinkling, and I fain to stand where I best might, nigh to Fop's Alley; but presently a lady fainting with the heat, and carried out, which was glad of; I mean that I got her place. I did never behold so much Company in the House before; and every Box full of Beauties, and hung with yellow Satin Curtains, did show like a brave Picture in a Gold Frame; which was very handsome to look round upon while the Musicians were tuning. The Fiddles tuned, and the Overture played, the Curtain up for the Opera; which was the *Sonnambula*; the part of Amina acted by Jenny. The Moment she came on the Stage the audience, Lords, Ladies, and all, upon their Legs, shouting, cheering, waving Hats and Handkerchiefs, and clapping Hands in white Kid Gloves. But at last they silent, and let the Nightingale sing; and for certain she is a wonderful Singer. It did amaze me to hear how easy and sweetly she do thrill and warble the most difficult Passages; and I perceive that she has a rare Ability of Voice.

"But what did no less astonish me was her Acting, it being as good as her Singing; for she did seem to forget herself in her part, instead of her part in herself; which is the Mistake of most Opera Singers. To think that she should draw the whole Town in Crowds together to hear her sing a few pretty Sugarplum Melodies and portray the Grief of a poor Peasant Wench cast off by her lover! But she do throw a Grace and Beauty of her own into the Character and Musique; which I take to be the Mark of a true Genius. She made to sing divers Songs twice over, and called upon the Stage at the End of the Act, and again when the Opera was finished; when, good lack, to see the Nosegays and Posies flung in Heaps upon the Stage! She must needs get a Mint of Money by her singing; but she has spent a deal of it in building Hospitals and I do wish (Heaven forgive me!) I had all she had given away in Charity.—*[Punch.]*

The six nights performances presented the same scenes of excitement and enthusiasm, but the last night, the final leave taking, surpassed every thing ever witnessed in England. We quote the London Journals of this time,

"This fair vocalist has managed to keep the musical public of London in a flutter since her very first appearance. Her reported marriage and her retirement from the stage have been fruitful themes for newspaper paragraphs. The latter event has really occurred, though we trust, like many similar retirements, it may only be *pro tempore*. Mrs. Wood changed her mind, and, after all, Jenny is but a woman. She played for the last time on Thursday, the 10th ult., and aroused such a *furore*, that we give two accounts of the remarkable scene. Foreigners are apt to dub the English a phlegmatic people, but when thoroughly moved, the evidence of excitement is palpable enough.

During the whole of Mademoiselle Lind's engagement this season there has not been so extraordinary a spectacle as was exhibited last night, when, as the bills stated, her 'last operatic performance' was to take place. Although this announcement contained nothing to imply that she would not hereafter sing at concerts, the public thronged to Her Majesty's Theatre as if she were about to take her leave altogether, and they never were, under any circumstances, to see her or to hear her again.

And, indeed, the acting of Jenny Lind is such an essential element in her power of attracting the public that by quitting the operatic boards and becoming the mere concert singer she almost loses her identity. The difference of her reception when she sang at the "classical concert" from that when she re-appeared in *La Sonambula* must have struck any one who witnessed the two scenes. Though the theatre was the same, and the bulk of the audience nearly the same, on both occasions, she was greeted in the character of Amina, just as if she was making her *début*, and the preceding concert had never been given. Hence the public, who thought they were witnessing for the last time the combination of Jenny Lind the actress with Jenny Lind the vocalist, were not so much mistaken in giving all the force of a final interview to their visit last night.

Roberto il Diavolo, which, on the London Italian stage, has never been very popular as a whole, but which has depended for its attraction on the Alice of Mademoiselle Lind, was the opera selected. The character in which she first sang before a London audience was chosen as the one in which she was to take her leave. "Ma Normandie," with the immortal *sotto voce* shake, which has so often astonished her hearers, drew down the accustomed *encore*, and the clinging to the cross, with terror in the shrink and faith in the countenance, seemed even more striking than usual as a display of histrionic power. The increased sweetness and fulness of her voice this year have been a theme of universal remark, and never was it more melodious than last night.

The applause which she received at the conclusion of the opera was something remarkable. She was called three times by an

audience that occupied even the obscurest nooks of the edifice, and that universally rose when she appeared, and so continuous were the plaudits that they blended with each other into one roll of heavy sound. At the last call she appeared particularly moved.

Another paper says,—

Jenny Lind took her leave of the stage last evening, in the same character in which she made her *debut* two years since, in that of Alice in *Roberto Il Diavolo*. Not even in the heyday of the public excitement to see Jenny Lind do we remember a more striking scene than the Opera House presented last night. To say that the place was crowded is inadequately to describe the suffocating density of the mass who filled the pit and galleries; and in the reserved portions of the theatre—the boxes and stalls—every available nook and cranny was filled.

“ Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, were present, and all the rank and fashion of London seemed to be collected there to pay the last tribute of respect to Lind, on her secession (let us hope, not final) from the lyric stage. It had been difficult to persuade the public that she was really determined to leave; but, when the official announcement seemed to place the fact beyond all present doubt, the general rush to witness her last performance produced a concourse in the theatre, and communicated an enthusiasm to the vast audience such as we do not remember to have witnessed on any similar occasion. The burst of cheering and the general up-rising of the vast crowd bespeak an unanimity of feeling and an enthusiasm such as no performer within the range of living experience, at least on the lyric stage, has been able to excite. On such an occasion we cannot criticise the performance; we have too deep a sense of the irreparable loss which the lyric drama has suffered by the secession of Jenny Lind to become critical. Be it therefore our task to record the parting scene between Jenny Lind and the public at the fall of the curtain. Boxes, pit, galleries, rose as with one mind and purpose; and in a few moments Lind came forward, led by Gardoni, to receive new tributes of applause. She was visibly affected, yet shrank from all open expression of her feelings, and bowed reverently to that public by whom she had been so long and so affectionately cherished. Scarcely had she retired, when another storm arose, more loud and peremptory than the first; and again the fair singer appeared, led on by Belletti. The same warm and enthusiastic applause was renewed; and the bouquets fell in showers. A third time the call was made; and now Jenny Lind came on alone, trembling with suppressed emotion, bowing lowly, meekly and reverently, and looking the farewell which custom denied her the opportunity of speaking. This time the enthusiasm was so great, so prolonged, so entirely beyond even the greetings to which she has been

accustomed, that her feelings became too strong to be repressed, and her emotion found vent and her gratitude expression in tears. Such was the scene of leave-taking last evening. Notwithstanding all that has passed we can but indulge the hope that the leave-taking is not indeed final, but that Jenny Lind may be induced again, at no distant period, to resume the throne which she has unnecessarily abdicated.”

Immediately after her retirement innumerable rumors were circulated concerning her matrimonial engagements. At one time it was a young clergyman—at another a nobleman, but it was finally settled that a Mr. Harris, a relative of Mrs. Grote, wife of the eminent banker, was to be the happy man. This obtained general belief, from the fact that Jenny Lind had for sometime been resident with and partaker of the elegant hospitalities of Mr. Grote. On the 15th of May she obtained her passport from the Swedish Minister, and left London. The press were full of conflicting accounts concerning her departure and marriage. One paper affirmed on the best authority, that she had been married by special license at St. George's; another knew that she was married in Birmingham; another at Mr. Grote's Mansion. But no. The *Nightingale* had flown without a mate. Thus left the scene of her great triumphs—the greatest artist, and one of the noblest women the world has known, most probably never to return, but certainly never to be forgotten. Jenny Lind arrived at her home at Stockholm shortly after, where she was received as only she could be; she lived in that retirement in which she delights.

She is an accomplished needlewoman, and loves nothing better than to pass her mornings in the quiet and natural occupations of her sex; either in tambour-working or netting, or in some other graceful and tranquil employment. Never possibly would you meet or know any one who more thoroughly and wholly partook of all the gentler and more feminine characteristics of the homely woman. This, perhaps, has added more to the effects produced by her splendid and surpassing talents than any of her other qualities. It naturally endeared itself to the English nature, when brought into contrast with the restless and more perverse nature of other public singers.

Saving Sontag, none perhaps have ever borne such a reputation, as a private individ-

ual, as that which has been accorded Jenny, a reputation, too, which has won her the greater love wherever she has been known. Grisi has had her lovers, and is even now living with the last of them, Mario, while her husband is separated from her. Scandal even touched Pisaroni, who in her day bore the reputation of being the ugliest woman ever seen upon the Italian stage. Nor was Malibran free from the whispers and anecdotes, which destroy a character for virtue. Indeed, with the exception, as we before said, of Sontag, not a singer has appeared in France or England and earned a high and striking name by the force of her genius, who has not afforded the public the evil influence of her example. This justified the enthusiasm of the public in favor of Jenny Lind, and given her a name more illustrious, even for her virtues, than for the genius which has made her the greatest of living vocalists.

Very little can be said of her career from this time. Though she occasionally gave concerts in Stockholm and the surrounding places for the relief of the poor, she performed no professional engagements. About the last of the year the American public became agitated by the rumors that Jenny was coming to America, which were definitely settled by the appearance of the following article, which we copy from the "Liverpool Times":

"There have been many reports in circulation as to the intended visit of this amiable and gifted lady to the United States. We are now enabled to state the facts and particulars on the best authority, that of a private letter from Mdlle. Lind, and a perusal of the documents relating to the engagement, with which we have been favored by Mr. Barnum's agent. The latter were signed at Lubeck on the 9th inst., and are in substance as follows, omitting the sums of money out of delicacy to Mdlle. Lind, with the remark that those already specified by some of our cotemporaries are quite incorrect.

Mr. Barnum agrees to provide Mdlle Lind a waiting maid, servant to superintend the baggage for herself and party, to pay all travelling expenses, including those of her companion (the amiable relative who accompanied her in England) a Secretary, and the professional fees of M. Benedict and Signor Belletti, the musical conductor and the vocalist, whom she has particularly selected; to place at her disposal in each city a carriage and pair of horses, and to secure her a certain sum for each concert or oratorio in which she shall sing. That after seventy-five concerts, if Mr. Barnum shall have realised a sum named, exclusive of all current ex-

penses, then, in addition to the first amount a further sum of one-fifth of nightly profits on the remaining 75 concerts.

We may state the terms given to Messrs. Benedict and Belletti are very liberal—such as, in reference to Mr. Benedict, could alone have tempted him from his eminent position in the metropolis. Mdlle. Lind, on her part, agrees to sing in 150 concerts, including oratorios, within one year, if possible—or, if not, within eighteen months; to have full control as to the number of nights or concerts in each week, and the number of pieces in each concert—the former, as well as the latter, to be conditional on her health and safety of voice. In no case is she to appear in opera.

It is further proposed that the life of Mademoiselle Lind, and that of each of her assistants shall be insured for the full amount of their engagements; in case of death, half of the sum to be paid to their heirs or assigns, the remainder to Mr. Barnum. The party to leave for America the last week in August, or first week in September. During the interim Mdlle. Lind will remain on the Continent singing for various charities, and will pay a visit of some duration to Stockholm, her native city. The following is a copy of the letter addressed by Mdlle. Lind to Mr. Barnum:

LUBECK, 8th January, 1850.

SIR: At the request of your agent, Mr. —, who is now here, and whose object is, at the earliest opportunity, to advise you, I beg to state that I have this day concluded to accept the terms made for you, by him, to the effect of visiting the United States of America professionally, under your auspices, the details of which are set forth in a formal mutual agreement; and I cannot but express my gratitude for the anxiety you and your agent evince to render my intended tour replete with comfort. Trusting the speculation may meet your most sanguine expectation, is my most ardent desire; and no endeavor to secure which shall be wanting (God granting me health) on the part of, sir, yours most respectfully,

JENNY LIND.

To P. T. BARNUM, Esquire, Iranistan Villa, Bridgeport, Connecticut, United States.
(True copy, witnessed by me, JENNY LIND.)

The "Albion" says, "we have set eyes on the contract itself, with the fair Jenny's name appended thereto in bold and legible round text. She receives one thousand dollars per night, for one hundred and fifty nights. Benedict, the pianist and composer, and Belleti, the baritone singer, are to accompany her professionally, the former receiving £5,000 sterling for his services, the latter one half that sum."

We give the following letter communicated to the press.

AMERICAN MUSEUM, Feb. 19, 1850.

In regard to the engagement of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, for America, I beg to state that I have this day ratified the engagement made

by my agent with this distinguished vocalist. It is true that in engaging Mdlle. Lind and the musical associates whom she has selected to accompany her, viz: the distinguished composer and pianist, M. Julius Benedict, and the celebrated Italian baritone vocalist, Giovanni Belletti, my agent went beyond any amount I had anticipated paying, but after all the sums to be paid to these persons, enormous as they may appear, are not so much as Miss Lind has been in the habit of receiving for her services alone, nor do Messrs. Benedict and Belletti receive from me more than their distinguished talents are, at this moment, commanding in London.

Perhaps I may not make any money by this enterprise, but I assure you that if I knew I should not realize a farthing profit, I would yet ratify the engagement, so anxious am I that the United States shall be visited by a lady whose vocal powers have never been approached by any other human being, and whose character is charity, simplicity, and goodness personified.

It is well known that Jenny Lind never received less than £400 or \$2,000 per night, for her own personal services, in Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, and the provincial towns in England, and that she frequently received £600 per night. My agent saw an offer to her of £6,000, or \$30,000, to sing twelve nights in England, which she declined; also, an enormous offer for the grand concerts at the Imperial Court of Russia, an offer nearly double that of my own, which she, for reasons, also declined. She was offered £1,200, or \$6,000, to sing in one concert, to be given at the Great World's Convention of Art and Manufactures, in Hyde Park, London, in 1851. It was further intimated to her, from Queen Victoria, that her services would be desired at about the same period, in a contemplated grand sacred festival at Westminster Abbey, where the tickets will be held from \$25 to \$100 each. Both of these last offers she was induced to decline, in consequence of her desire to visit America, as proposed by my agent.

Miss Lind has numerous better offers than the one she has accepted from me; but she has a great anxiety to visit America; she speaks of this country and its institutions in the highest terms of rapture and praise, and as money is by no means the greatest inducement that can be laid before her, she has determined to visit us. In her engagement with me, (which engagement includes Havana as well as the United States,) she expressly reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper.

Since her *début* in England, she has given to the poor, from her own private purse, more than the whole amount which I have engaged to give her, and the proceeds of concerts for charitable purposes in Great Britain, where she has sung gratuitously, have realised more than ten times that amount.

During the last eight months she has been singing entirely gratuitously, for charitable purposes, and she is now founding a benevolent institution in Stockholm, her native city, at a cost of \$350,000.

A visit from such a woman, who regards her high artistic powers as a gift from Heaven, for the amelioration of affliction and distress, and whose every thought and deed is philanthropy, I feel persuaded will prove a blessing to America, as she has to every country which she has visited, and I feel every confidence that my countrymen and women will join me heartily in saying, "may God bless her."

The public's obedient servant,
P. T. BARNUM.

At the present time Jenny Lind is engaged in the divine course of charity, at various places on the Continent. We extract from foreign papers:

"Jenny Lind has arrived at Berlin, and will sing at two or three concerts. The celebrated songstress had nigh been the cause of a serious *émeute*, a night or two ago, at Brunswick, where she had given a concert. On returning to her hotel, (du Rhin), a large concourse assembled to cheer her, and to hear a serenade, which was proposed to be given to her by the band of the hussars and choral societies. Some accident having delayed the arrival of the serenaders, the mob became impatient, and filled the air with very unharmonious vociferations; whilst others, thinking they had been deceived, and kept out of their beds for nothing, made a show of attacking the hotel, and breaking the blinds and windows.

A party of hussar officers being inside, however, drew their swords, and declared they would use them should the slightest aggression be made. This, it appears, frightened some, but exasperated others, and might, perhaps, have led to very disagreeable consequences, had not the troops been called out, who, with some difficulty, cleared the streets. At length harmony was restored by the arrival of the bands, and by the *blonde* Jenny appearing at the balcony.

At Bremen Jenny Lind sang in Haydn's "Creation." Before coming to Bremen, the celebrated *cantatrice* gave two concerts at Gottingen, one of which was for the benefit of the poor of that town. The students formed a procession in honor of the *artiste*, and marched by torch-light. On the following morning they gave her a serenade, and formed an escort for her to Nordhein."

And again,—

"Mdlle. Jenny Lind gave a concert on the evening of March 17, at the Court Theatre, by which her charitable disposition was again manifested, the whole of the proceeds being devoted to the relief of the poor of the town. Among other *morceaux*, she sang the celebrated *terzetto* for a soprano voice and two flutes from Meyerbeer's opera

‘The Camp of Silesia.’ The effort, written expressly for the celebrated cantatrice, and in which her fine voice may be said to rival the tones of the two flutes, was, in the execution an extraordinary triumph for her. The public did not confine themselves to lavishing on Mdlle Lind the usual marks of satisfaction, such as bravos, recalls, flowers, &c., but on this occasion, they adopted the Italian method of manifesting their delight, which up to the present time, is little known in Germany, by letting fly a large number of white pigeons from all parts of the house. After the concert, the members of the orchestra executed a serenade under the windows of the fair *artiste*, and some of the young men of the town got up a torchlight procession in her honor.

Some incidents not generally known, concerning her private life, we give as being authentic. During her two years’ engagements in London, Jenny Lind hired the suburban residence of a stout and worthy citizen, taking his furniture, his carriage and coachman, his servants and house belongings of all descriptions, on rent. The only addition that she made to the usual service of the establishment, was the attendance of an English chaplain, who, upon the open lawn of the garden, whenever the weather would any way permit, or otherwise in the drawing-room, performed the devotions of the English Church for the assembled household.—The coachman, as is the custom in England, had accommodations for his family in a wing of the stables; and his wife, the mother of two or three young children, was employed as “washer and ironer.”

While, with proffers of attention and acquaintance from the rank and fashion of London, the fair Swede was unavailingly beset—a kind of tribute to her genius and character which she consistently and unvaryingly refused—the family of the honest coachman were commonly enjoying the much sought privilege. While Duchesses and Countesses were being refused at her door, she was oftenest seated in the centre of the haymow, her favorite resort for every hour of leisure, tending the coachman’s baby, or teaching the older ones to read! On this humble family all her every-day affections seemed to be expended. When away, concert-singing at Birmingham or Liverpool, she wrote to them daily as if her own family, and with a tenderness of broken English which was as touching as it was curious. These letters were lent and shown to the

neighbors and others, and the friend (of our own) who had seen them and gives us these particulars, says that no daughter could have written home more familiarly and affectionately. The coachman’s wife still wears, stitched to the sleeve of the calico gown in which she works, and changed and re-stitched carefully to every dress she puts on, a most costly diamond bracelet, her parting keepsake from Jenny Lind. It would be a hard extremity of poverty that would induce her to part with it.

The famous opera singer had been more than a year the tenant of Mr. C——, and the staid and elderly citizen had never seen her. He had his lodgings in town, near his place of business, and he sent his clerk to Brompton quarterly to receive the rent, replying, with a bluff disavowal of all knowledge of opera singers, to such of his friends as made the natural inquiries of curiosity. Some question occurring, however, at one of these quarterly settlements, which an agent could not very well dispose of, it became necessary that Mr. C—— should call on his tenant in person. The stout landlord’s account of his visit very much amused his friends. He had expected an uncomfortable degree of pretension and ceremony.

The servant at the door showed his old master to the drawing room, and the next minute “Miss Lind” came running in from the garden, with dress unhooked behind, hair not very smooth, (these particulars are second-hand from the first narrator,) and as cordial as the oldest friend he had in the world. She seized him by his two hands, crowded him down into a large arm-chair, insisted upon knowing why he had not been to see her during the long time she had been in his house, and finally seated herself on the floor at his feet, to talk over matters. Quite overcome with this last condescension, the deep-seated chivalry of the honest Englishman was aroused, and, dropping on one knee, he declared that he could not sit in a chair while she sat on the floor. At this, the unceremonious Jenny jumped up, and taking Mr. C.’s two hands, drew him to a window seat, and squeezed herself (for he is a very fat man,) into the recess by his side—“and a very tight squeeze it was” added the old gentleman in telling the story. Here she pulled from her pocket contract and receipts, and proceeded to business, which was soon set

tied ; and the landlord took his leave, delighted with Jenny Lind, but not quite sure that he had been in full possession of his senses.

Just before the celebrated singer left this residence, a lady who had been brought in contact with her by some circumstance of neighborhood, and who had conceived a strong affection from her, asked, one day, something as a keepsake. Jenny flew to her dressing-room and brought down jewels and costly articles of dress, and eagerly begged her to choose anything she possessed ; but an article of value was not what the lady wished or could accept. It was with the greatest difficulty that the impulsive Swede could be made to agree to let the keepsake consist of only the bouquet of flowers that she had worn in " *La Fille du Régiment*." Her generosity and simplicity seemed beyond taint or qualification by knowledge of the world.

The above particulars, showing the admired celebrity off her pedestal, as they do, will by no means diminish the interest of her reception in America. The qualities of character which they reveal, are appreciated, and earnestly looked for, by the largest and best class of our country people—the most tentatious and plain-hearted. Her coming among us will be that year's most noted event, in all probability, and we only trust that a prophetess, whose whole mission, with her gold-amassing powers, seems one of pure benevolence, may not be dispensed, for her humble simplicities of ordinary life.

The lovers of music in all circles are already very earnest in their inquiries concerning her concerts. They will commence early in the coming fall, and we only hope that even a tithe of her numerous admirers may have an opportunity of listening to her extraordinary powers ; but we fear many will be deprived of the treat, from the fact that Md'lle. Lind visits our great country, in a great measure, from curiosity, and she purposed going through all the principal States, terminating her tour at Havana, and returning to Europe via Mexico, which arrangement will preclude the possibility of re-visiting our cities ; and, according to the plan of the tour, which we have seen, she will employ the time allotted to the one hundred and fifty concerts, in about twenty cities of the Union, which gives to New York, twelve ; Boston, eight ; Philadelphia, six ; Baltimore, four ;

Washington, two : and so on to Charleston ; and, as one of Mademoiselle Lind's great inducements to visit America is to see the Falls of Niagara, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, and other interesting features of our country, concerts will very possibly be given at Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo—North ; and Cincinnati and Louisville—West ; and so on to New Orleans.

Thus, then, as her admirers are so numerous, and the buildings where she will sing, so comparatively small, we repeat, we fear that many, in our own city at least, will have to bear the disappointment of not being able to hear her, unless some larger place than we now possess is arranged for her entertainments.

It may be said that her voice will not fill a very large room ; it is not so—for we have before us accounts of her singing, in Cologne, in a building temporarily erected for her concerts, to hold 15,000 persons, which number was at each of them ; in Manchester, England, at the Free Trade Hall, at each of a series of six concerts, 8,500 persons were in attendance ; at Liverpool, at the Amphitheatre, 5,000 ; in Edinburgh Music Hall, 3,000 ; in Perth, Scotland, 5,000 ; and even then not one-fifth of the applicants for tickets could be supplied ; and on several occasions considerable excitement, and almost disturbance, resulted from the disappointment.

Mademoiselle Lind is extremely anxious that her engagement should be made so as to gratify as many of her friends as possible, and is equally desirous that no inconvenience should be felt by her audiences ; but so great was the *furore* through all Europe, that the only plan found to succeed, (after trying many,) was to put double the blanks to numbers, in a box, and allow applicants to draw ; if a blank to retire for that concert ; if a number, to pay for the ticket and choice of a place ; there being no greater number issued than could be comfortably accommodated.—This was certainly an excellent and impartial plan, and one that we trust Mr. Barnum will adopt. As to the price, we are at present unable to state, but believe that it is Mr. B.'s intention to make it as low as possible. In London, the price of tickets ranged from five to fifty dollars ; in the Provinces of England, from three to fifteen ; on the Continent the same ; but have very often been sold at an-

tion for enormous sums; and we have now before us an account of two concerts given by her in the town of Norwich, in England, a place of about eleven thousand inhabitants, where 4,143 tickets were sold, which realized £1,850 11s., or about \$9,300, in a mere village, which concerts were to enable her to establish a fund for the purchase of fuel for the poor of that place in winter.

Mdlle. Jenny Lind's whole career, from her *début* to her retiring last year, has been one continued series of unapproached enthusiasm and triumph. Through town and country, at home and abroad, amid the gayeties and splendor of the palace, and the lowliness of the cottage; all have but one feeling towards her—an admiration which amounts almost to adoration. Her voice seems to be a spell which totally entrances her hearers. We were, a few days ago, conversing with some gentlemen, who had, in England, on two occasions, paid \$20 to hear her, and only once succeeded in getting a place, all of whom declared their inability to describe the wonderful and enchanting powers of the sweet songstress, and who said that they were riveted with delight, and seemed to be listening rather to the music of celestial beings, than to a creature of earth. There is one great and indisputable fact, which, when considered for a moment, puts aside all questions concerning her superiority which is, that throughout all Europe, and by all classes she is believed to be the greatest and most wonderful vocalist that ever lived.

Mr. Barnum is entitled to great credit for the courage he has evinced in even attempting (setting aside his success in arranging) this great undertaking; and the American people fully appreciate his noble and great anxiety to give them an opportunity of hearing the greatest of all artists.

Our pleasant task is nearly concluded, and soon the hearts of all true worshippers at the shrine of genius and virtue will be made glad by her advent. Already she is one of the principal topics of conversation. We have Jenny Lind hats, coats, frocks, boats, boots and shoes, stages, Jenny Lind *night caps*, and soon the music-dealers will wear no livery but that of the "Swedish nightingale," and no notes will pass at par unless endorsed by Jenny Lind. There is something in this ardent desire to greet the new-comer far dif-

ferent from that which has awaited nearly all of the celebrated artists who have visited us in the last thirty years. Jenny Lind is heralded not only by a reputation beyond parallel as an artist, but by a reputation for modesty, benevolence, kind-heartedness, indifference to praise, and all the fairest virtues that adorn the fairest portion of creation, which may well challenge the warmest welcome that admiration for the true, the beautiful, and the good, can call forth.

[From the Liverpool Times.]
JENNY LIND AT THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC.

The first of these long and eagerly anticipated festivals came off last night in the splendid new hall of the Philharmonic Society. There were upwards of three thousand persons present, including the orchestra. The appearance of the hall, magnificently lighted, clustered with beauty such as only Lancashire can boast, delight and expectation animating every countenance, was something which the pen fails to describe. In all England, perhaps in Europe, there is not such a beautiful edifice devoted to musical performances as the Philharmonic Hall, and on no previous occasion can we call to mind so brilliant an assembly as that congregated last night within its walls. The great spell of attraction was, of course, Jenny Lind, the idol of Germany and England, whose name has never once failed, since the beginning of her triumphant career, whether announced in the divine cause of charity, or offered as a simple medium of public amusement, to bring together the crowd—whose virtues are even more dazzling than her genius, unparalleled as that is—and whose successes have thrown completely into the shade those of every other vocalist of modern times.

The knowledge that Jenny Lind was on the point of leaving these shores, not to return for at least a twelvemonth—that some four-and-twenty hours after her second and last performance would see her launched on the bosom of the vast Atlantic, on her way to a distant, though a friendly country—clothed the event with tenfold significance and interest. That such a distinction as Jenny Lind's last public appearance in England should have been accorded to our town, in the face of munificent propositions from the great metropolis—the modern Babylon—must be indelibly recorded as the brightest page in

the musical annals of Liverpool. With Mr. Ludlow, the active and intelligent secretary of the Philharmonic Society, and with the committee of that society, who, with the indefatigable exertions of the agent of Mr. Barnum, succeeded in persuading her to fold her wings, arrest her flight for a few short days, and scatter yet once more some of those silvery notes that, for three or four years past, have been the enchantment of Europe. With them, also, remains the credit of having invited her to sing the *Messiah* of the great Handel, for the first time in this country, and for the first time in our language. That Jenny Lind has agreed to do this also is generally known; and Monday night will, if possible, be a still more memorable occasion than that of yesterday evening.

But not satisfied even with the name of Jenny Lind, which alone would suffice to shed a lustre on any musical performance, the Philharmonic Society resolved to render the concert in every way irreproachable, engaged a host of talent to second her. Signor Belletti, *pianoforte* at her Majesty's Theatre, who has played in conjunction with Mdlle. Lind, not only in England, but in Stockholm, Vienna, and Berlin, is an admirable musician, has a very powerful and sonorous voice, and is in all respects worthy of the friendship and patronage with which he has been so long and constantly honored by the celebrated songstress. Miss M. Williams, one of our best *contralto* singers, is universally known and universally liked in this country. M. Vivier, incomparably the best horn player in Europe, is distinguished not merely for his exquisite *cantabile*, fine tone, and fluent execution, but for having made discoveries, and invented new effects upon the instrument, that have at once astonished and perplexed the renowned Fetis, and all the most profound theorists and acousticians. Last, not least, no more able and zealous director could have been selected than the accomplished Benedict, whose reputation, as a musician and pianist of the highest order, is by no means confined to this country, but extends to Germany, Italy, and France, where his compositions for the stage and for the chamber are generally known and thoroughly appreciated.

Long before the hour announced for commencement—eight o'clock—the whole of the

vast audience had assembled. M. Benedict, on appearing in the orchestra, was received with the warmest demonstrations, and the concert began with Mozart's grand overture to *Zauberflöte*, which was exceedingly well played by the band, Mr. E. W. Thomas officiating as *chef d'attaque* with his usual intelligence, and adroitly enforcing the indications of the conductor's *baton*. A chorus, "All hail! Queen Victoria!" arranged to a march of Mozart, from *La Clemenza di Tito*, was hardly so well executed by the choir as we could have desired; but the well-known duet of Arace and Assur, "Bella immago," from Rossini's *Semiramide*, most effectively sung by Miss Williams and Sig. Belletti, who were loudly applauded on their *entrée*, put the audience into good humor, and prepared them for the grand event of the evening—the advent of Jenny Lind—which immediately followed.

The appearance of the 'Nightingale' was the signal for a demonstration that beggars description. The audience stood up to welcome her, and such a volley of cheers as rent the air was, perhaps, never before heard within the walls of a theatre or concert-room. The salvo was thrice reiterated, and at length the songstress, who seemed almost overcome by the warmth of her reception, was enabled to obtain silence, and began to sing. A very few bars of the prefatory recitative to Bellini's popular *branura*, 'Qui la voce,' from *I Puritani*, sufficed to show that Jenny Lind's voice had lost none of its inconceivable charm, while in volume and strength it was even better than before. The *adagio* was executed with consummate tenderness, the phrasing large and finished, the intonation exquisitely pure and truthful. The *cadenza* at the conclusion was one of the most original and beautiful we ever heard. In the *caballetta*, Mdlle. Lind varied the second couplet, with some delicious ornaments and changes, which added to its brilliancy without taking from its character.

The audience listened throughout with rapt attention, and at the end broke out into uncontrollable applause, which did not abate until the gifted vocalist had reappeared upon the platform, and acknowledged the compliment by one of those guileless and winning salutes that so peculiarly become her. This first song was quite enough to convince the audience that Mr. Benedict had exaggerated



AMINA, IN LA SONAMBULA,

nothing in his account of the concert which Jenny Lind gave for Vivier, at Baden-Baden, on the 6th instant. The voice of the "Nightingale" is as fresh and penetrating, as sweet and flexible, as powerful and mellow as hitherto, while her singing is more than ever unrivalled. It may not be superfluous to state that Mdlle. Lind has vastly improved in good looks. Her long rest has been evidently beneficial. She is stouter and fuller in the face, while, as well as we could make out by the aid of a powerful glass, the paleness of her cheek has become slightly tinged with the ruddy hue of health, which confers an additional charm upon her pleasing and intellectual countenance.

After a *barcarole* by Ricci (a parody of Rossini's "I due Marinari,") sung with spirit by Belletti, and Benedict's lovely ballad, "Scenes of my Youth," (*Gipsy Warning*), which was nicely rendered by Miss Andrews—a young *mezzo soprano*, destined to accompany Mdlle Lind to America—the Queen of the evening once more appeared, and in the comic duet, "Per piacere," from *Il Turco in Italia*, with Signor Belletti, displayed all the treasures of her florid art, and all the genuine humor of her comedy, which even away from the stage cannot be concealed. At the end of the *andante* Mdlle Lind introduced a *cadenza*, which was almost *baroque* in its originality; but, dashed off with the ease and energy that make every thing pass muster in her hands, it pleased as much as it surprised the connoisseurs. The *fioriture* and ornaments in the *cabaletta* were as elegant as they were wonderfully executed, and another recall followed the conclusion of the duet, throughout the whole of which Signor Belletti seconded the efforts of Mdlle. Lind with musician-like effect.

We cannot enter into minute details about the whole of Mdlle Lind's performances, which were more than usually numerous, and were further increased by the encores. Every one knows with what perfection she sings the pathetic cavatina in A flat, (with the violoncellos,) from *Der Freischutz*; and equally celebrated is her version of Mozart's fine air from *Zauberflöte*, "Non paventare," which, having been expressly composed for a *soprano* endowed with unusual compass, is beyond the reach of the majority of modern singers. In both of these Mdlle Lind created a *furore*,

and was unanimously recalled. The last, an astonishing display of flexibility and energy, was encored in an uproar of applause. So delighted were the audience that they became selfishly exacting, and, regardless of the inevitable fatigue of the singer, would hear of no denial. That Mdlle Lind, after some hesitation, consented, and repeated the last movement of the *aria* with augmented power, taking the extreme high notes (up to F in alt) with the clearness of a bell, and with the utmost point and certainty, will easily be credited by those who have had proofs of her courage, stamina, and indomitable will.

We must not pass over another encore, and one not so arduous to comply with, which Mademoiselle Lind obtained. We mean a very beautiful ballad by Mr. Benedict, "Take this lute," composed purposely for the accomplished songstress, and sung by her with immense approbation at the London concerts. Mdlle Lind's pronunciation of the English tongue is exceedingly pure and articulate, with just so much of accent as gives it a special and fascinating quaintness. In the ballad style—which can be said of very few dramatic singers—she excels quite as remarkably as in the florid and *bravura* school. There is a combination of simplicity and earnestness in her manner that has a peculiar charm, while the few cadences and ornaments she introduces only serve to give increased sentiment and character to the melody. Herein lies the secret of good ballad singing, by which many who are exclusively devoted to that style of art would do well to study and profit. Nothing could be more hearty and spontaneous than the encore awarded to this ballad, which was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict himself.

The last effort of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, and because the last, perhaps the most captivating, was one of those delicious Swedish melodies, which, from the lips of the "Nightingale," may vie in characteristic beauty with the national melodies of Scotland and Ireland, immortalized in history and poetry. The song of the Shepherds, in which, by a singular melodic interval, (a sharp 7th—from A to G sharp) frequently repeated, the peculiar call, by means of which the flocks are brought together, is felicitously imitated, gives Mdlle. Lind scope for indulging in certain caprices of execution that, amidst an apparent sim-

plicity, present more than usual vocal difficulty. The exquisite intonation with which the quaint interval alluded to was invariably taken, and the rich expression of humor and archness that gave a meaning to the words, in spite of their Hyperborean origin, and let every one into the secret of the story, thoroughly enchanted the audience.

Mademoiselle Lind accompanied herself, and, on quitting the piano, the uproar was absolutely deafening. Twice did the gifted songstress reappear, but the applause still continuing, she once more came back, and, tripping lightly across the platform, reseated herself at the piano. The silence was now as universal as the noise had been, just previously. Every breath was held, lest a single drop of the "rain of melody" should be lost. This time Mdlle. Lind sang a pastoral love song, so full of wild tenderness that it almost turned the torrent of jubilant enthusiasm into a more sober stream of sadness; but when, flushed with triumph, she rose to take her leave, every tongue was loosened in cheers, every palm extended to beat against its neighbor, in honor of the gifted and admirable artist who had afforded such intense gratification to all present. It was really a scene to remember.

Let us do justice in the short space that remains to the other excellent artists who assisted at this very remarkable concert. First and foremost the extraordinary performances of Mons. Vivier on the horn call for special attention. His opening piece, an *Andante* in E minor, accompanied by the orchestra, is chiefly to be admired for its musical pretensions. Its style is elevated, and addressed to the exclusive intelligence of connoisseurs; it is only the exquisitely-finished tone and execution of the artist that can make it intelligible to the laity. This can hardly fail to make its way, as was proved last night by the strict attention and hearty applause bestowed upon the *morceau*, at the conclusion of which M. Vivier introduced some of his harmonic effects, which we can neither pretend to criticise nor explain, being satisfied with their intrinsic beauty. In his second piece, entitled *La Chasse*, M. Vivier addressed himself to a larger audience and created a furore. How a single instrument could be made to do the complex and original things that abound in the highly characteristic *morceau*, would

puzzle, we think, M. Vivier, himself to explain. Double and triple sounds were not only produced at isolated points, but encumbered (or rather *not* encumbered) by the march of progression and modulation. So great a variety of tone we never before heard upon a wind instrument of any kind, much less upon so ungrateful a machine as the horn. But, independent of these mechanical marvels and inventions that peculiarly belong to M. Vivier, the *morceau* is extremely pleasing and full of character. A happier or more animated description of a chase was never written for a solo instrument. The applause that followed this remarkable performance was nothing more than deserved, and an encore was demanded with so much unanimity, that, with all his bashfulness, M. Vivier could not avoid accepting it. He was accompanied on the piano forte by Mr. Benedict in masterly style.

The chorus quise redeemed itself in an admirable part-sohg of Mr. Benedict, 'Sweet, lovely, chaste, ye lilies haste,' in which amidst a soft and flowing melody of striking freshness, the composer has happily caught the quaint manner of the old madrigalian writers. This was encored unanimously;—and much applause was also bestowed upon Morley's fine madrigal, 'Now is the month of Maying,' equally well executed. The other encores, which we can but name, were obtained by Signor Beletti, who delivered the irresistible *tarantella* of Rossini, 'La Danza,' with infinite spirit; and by Miss Williams, in very agreeable ballad. 'I've sat in gilded palaces,' composed by her brother, Mr. T. Williams, which the favorite English *contralto* sang with perfect taste and expression.—Two compositions by the great and lamented Mendelssohn must not be overlooked; his exquisite two-part song, 'I would that my love could silently flow,' and the exhilarating 'Wedding March,' from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The former was well sung by Misses Andrews and Williams,—although, by the way, the first voice should be allotted to a *soprano*. The latter was rendered with great energy by the band.—Spohr's picturesque overture to *Jessonda* was less successful, the wind instruments being sadly out of tune in the first movement, in E flat minor, where the *canto fermo* of the priests is so ingeniously mingled with the war-march and dance of the bayaderes.

We should have mentioned that a Mr. Underner, an American pianist of talent, played a *fantasia* between the parts, on a new piano-forte, manufactured by Messrs. Boardman and Gray, of New York, called the "Dolce Campana Pedal Piano-forte," which has obtained much celebrity among our neighbors across the Atlantic. This instrument is re-

markable for unusual sweetness of tone, combined with equality and brilliancy—all highly desirable qualities; but, owing to the excitement created by Mdlle. Jenny Lind's concluding song in the first part, the performance of Mr. Underner did not command the attention demanded for its right appreciation.

FAVORITE SONGS.

O F J E N N Y L I N D .

THE STARS OF HEAVEN ARE GLEAMING.

The stars of heav'n are gleaming,
Above the earth at rest ;
The stars of heav'n are gleaming,
Above the earth at rest.
Would thy bright eyes were beaming,
Like peace into my breast !
The dew of heav'n is sleeping,
Upon each tender flower,
Would thy soft tears were weeping,
Its love in gentlest show'r.
The night now reigns above me,
A dream more pure than balm ;
The night now reigns above me,
A dream more pure than balm ;
All Nature's joys but prove me,
Alone unblest by calm.

THE HERDMAN'S MOUNTAIN SONG.

Here the misty mountain
Hearkens to my evening song ;
Barren misty mountain
Hearkens to my evening song ;
Toward the peaceful valley,
Happy spot ! I gaze and long.
Onward flies my view,
Toward the distant blue,
Fraught with hopeful pray'r
That she dwell 'neath heaven's care.

ALPINE HORN.

In the wild chamois track,
At the breaking of morn,
With a hunter's pride,
O'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
Tra la la la la la la la.
O, that voice to me,
Is a voice of glee,
Where'er my footsteps roam :
And I long to be bound,
When I hear that sound
Again to my mountain home.
In the wild chamois track,
At the breaking of morn
O'er the mountain side,
We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
&c., &c.

I have crossed the proud Alps,
I have sailed down the Rhone,
And there is no spot,
Like the simple cot,
And the hill and the valley I call my own ;
Tra la la la la la la la, &c.
There the skies are bright,
And our hearts are light,
Our bosoms without fear
For our toil is play,
And our sport the fray,
With the mountain roe, or the forest deer.

LOVE SMILES NO MORE.

Love smiles no more,
Hope's light is gone ;
Pleasures are o'er,
Sorrows come on !

Life in its future no bliss can impart,
Since fate has sunder'd wide heart from heart.

By those glad bow'rs,
Where oft we've roved,
In youthful hours,
Loving and loved,

Ah ! ne'er again Joy bids us to meet,
Stealing our heart with pleasures so sweet.

Mem'ry alone,
Lends one blest thought
Love calls its own
With rapture fraught ;

Yes ! thou wilt welcome the tear and the sigh,
Grieving o'er joys and days gone by !

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

By the sad sea waves,
I listen while they moan
A lament over graves
Of hope and pleasure gone.

I am young, I was fair,
I once had not a care,
From the rising of the morn
To the setting of the sun.

Yet I pine like a slave
By the sad sea wave,
Come again bright days
Of hope and pleasure gone.

From my care last night,
By the holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair-dream light,
My home upon me smiled.

O how sweet 'mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew
Breath'd a gentle welcome back
To the worn and weary child.

I awake in my grave,
By the sad sea wave ;
Come again, dear dream,
So peacefully that smiled.

THE LONELY ROSE.

A rose gazed from the bower queen,
Upon the summer light ;
And never had creation seen
A flow'r so fair and bright,
A flower so fair and bright.

Her modest form so soft, so meek,
With morning radiance dy'd,
Beam'd like the lovely, blushing cheek
Of some young village bride,
The blushing cheek of some young bride.

But soon a storm dark o'er the vale
Its mountain fury shed
And shrouded in the twilight pale,
The lovely rose lay dead
The lovely rose lay dead.

And so it is a gentle mind
"Sinks under sorrow's dart—

The storm may pass but leaves behind
Too oft a blighted heart,
Too oft a blighted heart.

SMILE AGAIN.

Smile again, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, smile again ;
Pr'ythee do not frown, sweet lassie,
For it gives me pain.

If to love thee too sincerely
Be a fault in me.

Thus to use me so severely
Is not kind in thee

Oh, smile again, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie smile again ;
Oh, smile again, my bonnie lassie,
Pr'ythee smile again.

Fare thee well, my bonnie lassie,
Lassie, fare thee well ;
Time will show thee, bonnie lassie,
More than tongue can tell.

Though we're doom'd by fate to sever,
And 'tis hard to part,
Still believe me thou shalt ever
Own my faithful heart.

FINIS.

Then smile again, &c.

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